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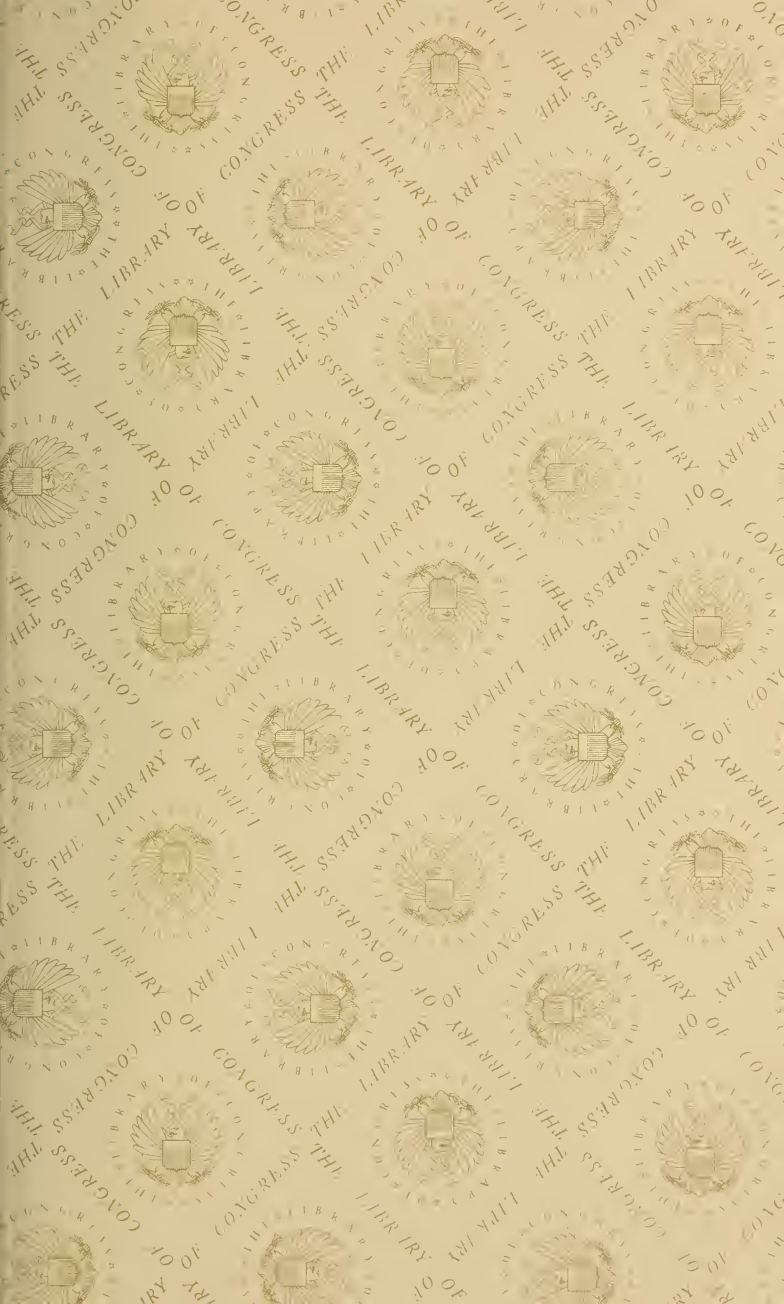
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FAMOUS SINGLE AND FUGITIVE POEMS

356

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY

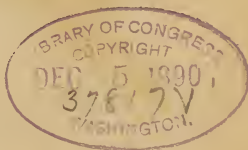
ROSSITER JOHNSON

..

Does he paint? he fain would write a poem;
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,—
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for One only.

ROBERT BROWNING.

REVISED AND ENLARGED



NEW YORK

HENRY HOIT & COMPANY

1890

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PREFACE.

THERE are wide differences in the fame of the poems here collected, as well as in their merits. Some are familiar to everybody that reads poetry at all; others find reputation and perpetuity only with particular classes. Some are admired only by those who know nothing of real poetry; others almost require poets for appreciative readers. A few, like those of Bishop Berkeley and Michael Barry, have been saved from oblivion by a single happy line or quatrain; while the richness and perfection of many leave us in wonder that their authors produced no more. If critical judgment in such matters is worth anything when opposed to a popular verdict, some of these authors have written, for no reward at all, better poems than those that have given them fame. However that may be, this volume is intended to represent popular rather than critical taste, and to include all the poems in the language that fairly come under its title,—excepting only those numerous anonymous ballads, belonging to the early centuries of our literature, which are preserved in Percy's and other similar collections.

It is not expected that any one reader will prize all the pieces here brought together; if each finds what he looks for, no one need be offended because the book also includes some that he could have spared. Collecting poetry

is like poking the fire ; nobody can sit by and see it done, without thinking that he himself could do it a little better,—as in truth he could, if it were for him alone. In all such work it is necessary to make a personal equation—a small allowance for quickness or slowness of apprehension in the individual. Taking this into account, I hope the volume will be found to exhibit a generous appreciation of widely varied expressions of the poetic art.

In a few instances the plan of the collection has been literally, but I think not essentially, transcended. Charles Wolfe wrote two other poems equally famous if not equally popular with “The Burial of Sir John Moore,” and Francis M. Finch’s “Nathan Hale” had an established place before he wrote “The Blue and the Gray.” The best solution for this apparent difficulty seemed to be to include them all.

My thanks are due to living writers represented, for permission to use their poems. The utmost pains have been taken to make the text absolutely correct, and in many instances the author’s own manuscript has been used. Where the poems have any special history, it will be found in the notes at the end of the book. R. J.

NEW YORK, September 1, 1890.

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FAMOUS
SINGLE AND FUGITIVE
POEMS.

My Mind to me a Kingdom is.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature hath assigned;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay:
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway:
Look! what I lack, my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with what my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
 I little have, yet seek no more;
 They are but poor, though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store.
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
 I grudge not at another's gain:
 No worldly wave my mind can toss,
 I brook that is another's bane:
 I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
 I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I wish but what I have at will,
 I wander not to seek for more,
 I like the plain, I climb no hill,
 In greatest storms I sit on shore,
 And laugh at them that toil in vain,
 To get what must be lost again.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
 My conscience clear my chief defense;
 I never seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offense;
 Thus do I live, thus will I die,
 Would all did so as well as I.

WILLIAM BYRD.

The Lye.

Goe, soule, the bodie's guest,
 Upon a thanklesse arrant;
 Feare not to touche the best—
 The truth shall be thy warrant!
 Goe, since I needs must dye,
 And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court it glowes
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe tell the church it showes
What 's good, and doth no good;
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others' actions—
Not loved unlesse they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;

Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favour how she falters:
And as they then reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herselfe in over-wisenesse;
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldnesse;
Tell law it is contention;
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;
Tell justice of delay;
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts they have no soundnesse,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schooles they want profoundnesse,
And stand too much on seeming;
If arts and schooles reply,
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith it 's fled the citie;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;
Tell, vertue least preferreth;

And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing—
Although to give the lye
Deserves no less than stabbing—
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soule can kill.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Lament for Sir Philip Sidney.

You knew—who knew not Astrophel?
That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possession still!—
Things known permit me to renew.
Of him you know his merit such
I cannot say—you hear—too much.

Within these woods of Arcady
He chief delight and pleasure took;
And on the mountain Partheny,
Upon the crystal liquid brook,
The muses met him every day,—
Taught him to sing, and write, and say.

When he descended down the mount
His personage seemed most divine;
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely, cheerful eyne.
To hear him speak, and see him smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet, attractive kind of grace;
A full assurance given by looks;

Continual comfort in a face;
 The lineaments of gospel books:
 I trow that countenance cannot lie
 Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Above all others this is he
 Who erst approvèd in his song
 That love and honor might agree,
 And that pure love will do no wrong.
 Sweet saints, it is no sin or blame
 To love a man of virtuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breathe
 In any mortal breast before;
 Did never muse inspire beneath
 A poet's brain with finer store.
 He wrote of love with high conceit,
 And beauty reared above her height.

MATHEW ROYDON.

Man's Mortality.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossoms on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flower of May,
 Or like the morning of the day,
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
 Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The gourd consumes, and man—he dies!

Like to the grass that 's newly sprung,
 Or like a tale that 's new begun,

Or like a bird that 's here to-day,
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew 's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan near death,—man's life is done !

Like to a bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like a shuttle in a weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble 's out, the look 's forgot,
The shuttle 's flung, the writing 's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides,—man's life is done !

Like to a blaze of fond delight,
Or like a morning clear and bright,
Or like a frost, or like a shower,
Or like the pride of Babel's tower,
Or like the hour that guides the time,
Or like to Beauty in her prime;
Even such is man, whose glory lends
That life a blaze or two, and ends.
The morn 's o'ercast, joy turned to pain,
The frost is thawed, dried up the rain,
The tower falls, the hour is run,
The beauty lost,—man's life is done !

Like to an arrow from the bow,
 Or like swift course of water-flow,
 Or like that time 'twixt flood and ebb,
 Or like the spider's tender web,
 Or like a race, or like a goal,
 Or like the dealing of a dole;
 Even such is man, whose brittle state
 Is always subject unto Fate.
 The arrow 's shot, the flood soon spent,
 The time 's no time, the web soon rent,
 The race soon run, the goal soon won,
 The dole soon dealt,—man's life is done!

Like to the lightning from the sky,
 Or like a post that quick doth hie,
 Or like a quaver in a short song,
 Or like a journey three days long,
 Or like the snow when summer's come,
 Or like the pear, or like the plum;
 Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
 Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
 The lightning 's past, the post must go,
 The song is short, the journey 's so,
 The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
 The snow dissolves,—and so must all!

SIMON WASTEL.

Willy Drowned in Yarrow.

"WILLY 's rare, and Willy 's fair,
 And Willy 's wondrous bonny;
 And Willy heght to marry me,
 Gin e'er he married ony.

"Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
 This night I 'll make it narrow;
 For a' the livelang winter night
 I ly twined of my marrow.

“Oh came you by yon water-side?
 Pou’d you the rose or lily?
 Or came you by yon meadow green?
 Or saw you my sweet Willy?”

She sought him east, she sought him west,
 She sought him braid and narrow;
 Syne in the cleaving of a craig,
 She found him drowned in Yarrow.

ANONYMOUS.

Verses.

WRITTEN IN THE TOWER, THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
 My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
 My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
 And all my goodes is but vain hope of gain.
 The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;
 And now I live, and now my life is done!

My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
 The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,
 My youth is past, and yet I am but young,
 I saw the world, and yet I was not seen.
 My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
 And now I live, and now my life is done!

I sought for death and found it in the wombe,
 I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade,
 I trade the ground, and knew it was my tombe,
 And now I die, and now I am but made.
 The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;
 And now I live, and now my life is done!

CHEDIACK TICHEBORNE.

The Ballad of Agincourt.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched toward Agincourt
 In happy hour—
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
 With all his power,

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the king sending ;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then :
Though they be one to ten,
 Be not amazed ;
Yet have we well begun—
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be ;
England ne'er mourn for me,

Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain :
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell ;

No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led ;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear—
A braver man not there :
O Lord ! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone ;
Armor on armor shone ;
Drum now to drum did groan—
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake ;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham !

Which did the signal aim
 To our hid forces;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
 Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the wether;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulders sent;
Scalps to the teeth were rent;
Down the French peasants went;
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother—

Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up.
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry;
 Oh, when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Take thy Old Cloake about thee.

THIS winter weather, it waxeth cold,
 And frost doth freese on every hill;
 And Boreas blows his blastes so cold
 That all our cattell are like to spill.
 Bell, my wife, who loves no strife,
 Shee sayd unto me quietlye,
 "Rise up, and save cowe Crumbocke's life—
 Man, put thy old cloake about thee."

"O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne?
 Thou kenst my cloake is very thin."

It is so bare and overworne
A cricke he thereon can not renn.
Then Ile no longer borrowe or lend—
For once Ile new apparelled be ;
To-morrow Ile to town, and spend,
For Ile have a new cloake about me.”

“Cow Crumbocke is a very good cow—
She has been alwayes true to the payle ;
She has helped us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things she will not fayle ;
I wold be loth to see her pine ;—
Good husbände, counsel take of me—
It is not for us to go so fine ;
Man, take thy old cloake about thee.”

“My cloake, it was a very good cloake—
It hath been alwayes true to the weare ;
But now it is not worth a groat,
I have had it four-and-forty year.
Sometime it was of cloth in graine ;
'T is now but a sigh clout as you may see ;
It will neither hold nor winde nor raine—
And Ile have a new cloake about me.”

“It is four-and-forty yeares ago
Since the one of us the other did ken ;
And we have had betwixt us towe
Of children either nine or ten.
We have brought them up to women and men—
In the fere of God I trowe they be ;
And why wilt thou thyself misken—
Man, take thy old cloake about thee.”

“O Bell, my wife, why dost thou floute ?
Now is now, and then was then ;

Seeke now all the world throughout,
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen ;
 They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or gray,
 So far above their own degree—
 Once in my life Ile do as they,
 For Ile have a new cloake about me."

"King Stephen was a worthy peere—
 His breeches cost him but a crowne;
 He held them sixpence all too deere,
 Therefore he called the tailor lowne.
 He was a wight of high renowne,
 And thou'se but of a low degree—
 It's pride that puts this countrye downe;
 Man, take thy old cloake about thee."

Bell, my wife, she loves not strife,
 Yet she will lead me if she can ;
 And oft to live a quiet life
 I'm forced to yield though I be good-man.
 It's not for a man with a woman to threepe,
 Unless he first give o'er the plea ;
 As we began sae will we leave,
 And Ile take my old cloake about me.

ANONYMOUS

A Contented Mind.

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile ;
 I joy not much in earthly joys ;
 I seek not state, I seek not style ;
 I am not fond of fancy's toys.
 I rest so pleased with what I have,
 I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack ;
 I tremble not at noise of war ;

I swoond not at the news of wrack,
 I shrink not at a blazing star;
 I fear not loss, I hope not gain;
 I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased;
 I see some Tantals starved in store;
 I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;
 I see even Midas gape for more;
 I neither want, nor yet abound—
 Enough 's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate;
 I fawn not on the great (in show);
 I prize, I praise a mean estate,
 Neither too lofty nor too low:
 This, this is all my choice, my cheer—
 A mind content, a conscience clear.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

Lobe me Little, Lobe me Long.

Love me little, love me long!
 Is the burden of my song:
 Love that is too hot and strong
 Burneth soon to waste.
 Still I would not have thee cold—
 Not too backward, nor too bold;
 Love that lasteth till 't is old
 Fadeth not in haste.
 Love me little, love me long!
 Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,
 'T will not prove as true a touch;
 Love me little more than such,—
 For I fear the end.

I 'm with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent
To be steadfast, friend.

Say thou lovest me, while thou live
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
While that life endures ;
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now when in my May of youth :
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persevere ;
Give me that with true endeavor,—
I will it restore.
A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers,—that for me,—
For the land or for the sea :
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat ;
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel ;
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain :
So to thee—farewell !

ANONYMOUS.

Good Ale.

I CAN not eat but little meat—
 My stomach is not good ;
 But sure, I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.
 Though I go bare, take ye no care,
 I am nothing a-cold—
 I stuff my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare ;
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old !

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
 And a crab laid in the fire ;
 A little bread shall do me stead—
 Much bread I not desire.
 No frost or snow, nor wind, I trow,
 Can hurt me if I wold—
 I am so wrapt, and thorowly lapt
 Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare ;
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old !

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life
 Loveth well good ale to seek,
 Full oft drinks she, till you may see
 The tears run down her cheek ;
 Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
 Even as a malt-worm should ;
 And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
 Of this jolly good ale and old."

*Back and side go bare, go bare ;
 Both foot and hand go cold ;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old !*

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
 Even as good fellows should do ;
 They shall not miss to have the bliss
 Good ale doth bring men to ;
 And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
 Or have them lustily trowled,
 God save the lives of them and their wives,
 Whether they be young or old !
*Back and side go bare, go bare ;
 Both foot and hand go cold ;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old !*

JOHN STILL.

Exequy.

ACCEPT, thou shrine of my dead saint,
 Instead of dirges, this complaint ;
 And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse
 Receive a strew of weeping verse
 From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
 Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss ! since thy untimely fate,
 My task hath been to meditate
 On thee, on thee ; thou art the book,
 The library whereon I look,
 Though almost blind ; for thee (loved clay)
 I languish out, not live, the day,
 Using no other exercise
 But what I practice with mine eyes,

By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily Time creeps about
To one that mourns; this, only this,
My exercise and business is :
So I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolvèd into showers.

Nor wonder if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous ;
Thou hast benighted me; thy set
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day (though overcast
Before thou hadst thy noontide passed),
And I remember must in tears
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
As day tells hours: by thy clear sun
My love and fortune first did run :

But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled star is fallen and gone,
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
The earth now interposèd is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make
As ne'er was read in almanac.

I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad clime :
Were it a month, or year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then.
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou wouldst promise to return,
And, putting off thy ashy shroud,
At length disperse this sable cloud !

But woe is me ! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate

These empty hopes: never shall I
Be so much blessed as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world like thine,
(My little world!) that fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our souls' bliss: then we shall rise,
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.

Meantime thou hast her, Earth: much good
May my harm do thee! Since it stood
With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-lived right and interest
In her whom living I loved best;
With a most free and bounteous grief
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and, prithee, look
Thou write into thy doomsday book
Each parcel of this Rarity
Which in thy casket shrined doth lie.
See that thou make thy reckoning straight,
And yield her back again by weight:
For thou must audit on thy trust
Each grain and atom of this trust,
As thou wilt answer Him that lent,
Not gave thee, my dear monument.
So, close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw: my bride is laid.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!

My last good-night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age or grief or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when Sleep breathed his drowsy gale.
Thus from the sun my bottom steers,
And my day's compass downward bears;
Nor labor I to stem the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'T is true, with shame and grief I yield;
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive
The crime) I am content to live,

Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

HENRY KING.

The Angler's Wish.

I IN these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
 Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
 Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
 Here, hear my kenna sing a song:
 There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love.
 Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
 Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid good-morning to next day;
There meditate my time away;
 And angle on; and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

ISAAC WALTON.

Death's Final Conquest.

THE glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armor against fate—
 Death lays his icy hands on kings;
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield—
 They tame but one another still;
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow—
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
 Upon death's purple altar, now,
 See where the victor victim bleeds!
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb—
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

The Bride.

FROM A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

THE maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
 For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
 Could ever yet produce:

No grape that 's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring—
It was too wide a peck;
And, to say truth—for out it must—
It looked like the great collar—just—
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that 's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin.
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Ye Gentlemen of England.

YE gentlemen of England
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah! little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas.
 Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly show
 All the cares and the fears
 When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us
 When England is at war
 With any foreign nation,
 We fear not wound or scar;
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
 Our valor for to know,
 Whilst they reel on the keel,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd;
 While we have bold adventurers,
 We ne'er shall want a trade:
 Our merchants will employ us
 To fetch them wealth, we know;
 Then be bold—work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

MARTYN PARKER.

Song.

LOVE still has something of the sea,
 From whence his mother rose;
 No time his slaves from doubt can free,
 Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tossed;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear,
In a more cruel shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood;
So slowly they receive the sun,
It hardly does them good.

'T is cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the wingèd boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears,
Perhaps, would not remove;
And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could not deeper love.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

My Dear and Only Love.

PART FIRST.

My dear and only love, I pray,
This noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchic.

For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I 'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my battery if I find
Thou shun'st the prize so sore
As that thou set'st me up a blind,
I 'll never love thee more.

If in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
And dares to vie with me;
Or if committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I 'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word,
I 'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I 'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;

I 'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore.

PART SECOND.

My dear and only love, take heed,
Lest thou thyself expose,
And let all longing lovers feed
Upon such looks as those.
A marble wall then build about,
Beset without a door;
But if thou let thy heart fly out,
I 'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot,
Make any breach at all;
Nor smoothness of their language plot
Which way to scale the wall;
Nor balls of wild-fire love consume
The shrine which I adore;
For if such smoke about thee fume,
I 'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong
To suffer by surprise;
Those victualed by my love so long,
The siege at length must rise,
And leave thee ruled in that health
And state thou wast before;
But if thou turn a commonwealth,
I 'll never love thee more.

Or if by fraud, or by consent,
Thy heart to ruine come,
I 'll sound no trumpet as I wont,
Nor march by tuck of drum;
But hold my arms, like ensigns, up,
Thy falsehood to deplore,

And bitterly will sigh and weep,
And never love thee more.

I 'll do with thee as Nero did
When Rome was set on fire,
Not only all relief forbid,
But to a hill retire,
And scorn to shed a tear to see
Thy spirit grown so poor;
But smiling sing, until I die,
I 'll never love thee more.

Yet, for the love I bare thee once,
Lest that thy name should die,
A monument of marble-stone
The truth shall testifie;
That every pilgrim passing by
May pity and deplore
My case, and read the reason why
I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be
Upon this pillar hung,—
A simple heart, a single eye,
A true and constant tongue;
Let no man for more love pretend
Than he has hearts in store;
True love begun shall never end;
Love one and love no more.

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,
But in far different case;
For mine was true, so was not thine,
But lookt like Janus' face.
For as the waves with every wind,
So sail'st thou every shore,
And leav'st my constant heart behind.—
How can I love thee more?

My heart shall with the sun be fixed
For constancy most strange,
And thine shall with the moon be mixed,
Delighting ay in change.
Thy beauty shined at first more bright,
And woe is me therefore,
That ever I found thy love so light
I could love thee no more!

The misty mountains, smoking lakes,
The rocks' resounding echo,
The whistling wind that murmur makes,
Shall with me sing hey ho!
The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,
Tears dropping from each shore,
Shall tune with me their turtle notes—
I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true,
Her fellow's death regrete,
And daily mourns for his adieu,
And ne'er renews her mate;
So, though thy faith was never fast,
Which grieves me wondrous sore,
Yet I shall live in love so chaste,
That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about
These monuments to view,
Whereon is written, in and out,
Thou traitorous and untrue;
Then in a passion they shall pause,
And thus say, sighing sore,
"Alas! he had too just a cause
Never to love thee more."

And when that tracing goddess Fame
From east to west shall flee,

She shall record it, to thy shame,
 How thou hast lovèd me;
 And how in odds our love was such
 As few have been before;
 Thou loved too many, and I too much,
 So I can love no more.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

The Splendid Shilling.

“ Sing, heavenly Muse!
 Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,”
 A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
 In silken or in leather purse retains
 A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
 New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
 To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall repairs:
 Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
 Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
 Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
 Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
 Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
 And Hunger, sure attendant upon Want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
 (Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain:
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers: or from tube as black
 As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,

Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he,
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Avonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
Intrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods,
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm

Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont,)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdu in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch. So, (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Portending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell: the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make; with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenomed jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light

Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights: distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind: or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow tree.
Meanwhile I labor with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,

So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea: in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners; Death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Bonnie George Campbell.

HIE upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame cam his gude horse,
But never cam he!

Out cam his auld mither,
Greeting fu' sair;
And out cam his bonnie bride,
Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And bootied rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he!

“My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to big,
And my baby's unborn.”

Saddled and bridled
 And booted rade he;
 Toom hame cam the saddle,
 But never cam he!

ANONYMOUS.

The Hermit.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
 Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
 That Vice should triumph, Virtue, Vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost:
 So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
 Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colors glow:
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken Sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books, or swains, report it right,
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
 Then with the Sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,

And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern Sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
"And hail, my son," the reverend sire replied;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the Sun: the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the Moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liv'ried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 't is morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighboring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.

Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear,
So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stop'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the Sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.
'T was built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('T was then his threshold first received a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,

(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine,
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
"And why should such," within himself he cried,
"Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"
But what new marks of wonder soon take place,
In every settling feature of his face;
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly!
The Sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'T was there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now Night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh,
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,

To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled Morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and die'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done;
Not Hell, though Hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in:
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air;

And wings, whose colors glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moved in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commissioned, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'T is thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door

Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor ;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon his head ;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God ;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measured back his steps to Earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run ?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 't was my ministry to deal the blow,)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back ;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail !
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky ;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view ;
The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
'Lord ! as in Heaven, on Earth thy will be done.'
Then gladly turning sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

THOMAS PARNELL.

On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame ;

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true ;

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools.

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great uprising epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay ;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way ;
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day ;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

GEORGE BERKELEY

Sally in our Alley.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There 's none like Pretty Sally ;

She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.
There 's ne'er a lady in the land
That 's half so sweet as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry them ;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy them :
But sure such folk can have no part
In such a girl as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely ;
My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely :
But let him bang, long as he will,
I 'll bear it all for Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that 's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday ;
For then I 'm dressed, all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
Soon as the text is named :

I leave the church in sermon time,
 And slink away to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
 O then I shall have money;
 I 'll hoard it up and, box and all,
 I 'll give it to my honey;
 Oh would it were ten thousand pounds,
 I 'd give it all to Sally;
 For she 's the darling of my heart,
 And lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbors all,
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And but for her I 'd better be
 A slave, and row a galley:
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O then I 'll marry Sally,
 And then how happily we 'll live—
 But not in our alley.

HENRY CAREY

Grongar Hill.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye,
 Who the purple evening lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the noise of busy man;
 Painting fair the form of things,
 While the yellow linnet sings;
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Charms the forest with her tale;—
 Come, with all thy various dues,
 Come and aid thy sister Muse;
 Now, while Phoebus riding high,
 Gives lustre to the land and sky!

Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day;
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal;
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapors intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of Heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,

Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beach, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs,
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
In mutual dependence find.
'T is now the raven's bleak abode:
'T is now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,

Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each gives each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summit soft and fair,

Clad in colors of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear,
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present 's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'T is thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will,
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side;
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

JOHN DYER.

A Soliloquy.

OCCASIONED BY THE CHIRPING OF A GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! ever blest
With a more than mortal rest,
Rosy dewes the leaves among,
Humble joys, and gentle song!
Wretched poet! ever curst
With a life of lives the worst,
Sad despondence, restless fears,
Endless jealousies and tears.

In the burning summer thou
Warblest on the verdant bough,
Meditating cheerful play,
Mindless of the piercing ray;
Scorched in Cupid's fervors, I
Ever weep and ever die.

Proud to gratify thy will,
Ready Nature waits thee still;
Balmy wines to thee she pours,
Weeping through the dewy flowers
Rich as those by Hebe given
To the thirsty sons of heaven.

Yet alas, we both agree.
Miserable thou like me!
Each, alike, in youth rehearses
Gentle strains and tender verses.
Ever wandering far from home,
Mindless of the days to come
(Such as aged Winter brings
Trembling on his icy wings),
Both alike at last we die;
Thou art starved, and so am I!

WALTER HARTE.

The Braes of Yarrow.

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
And think nae mair of the braes of Yarrow."

"Where got ye that bonnie, bonnie bride,
Where got ye that winsome marrow?"

"I got her where I daurna weel be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

"Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

'Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?"

"Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep--
Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

"For she has tint her lover, lover dear—
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow."

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?"

"What 's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?

What 's yonder floats?—Oh, dule and sorrow!

'T is he, the comely swain I slew

Upon the dulefu' braes of Yarrow.

"Wash, oh, wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,

His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow;

And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,

And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.

"Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,

Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow;

And weep around, in waeful wise,

His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow!

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,

The arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,

The fatal spear that pierced his breast,

His comely breast, on the braes of Yarrow!

"Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,

And warn from fight? But, to my sorrow,

Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,

Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk; green grows, green grows the grass,

Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan;

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock;

Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowing!

"Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet, as sweet flows Tweed;

As green its grass; its gowan as yellow;

As sweet smells on its braes the birk;

The apple from its rocks as mellow!

"Fair was thy love! fair, fair indeed thy love!

In flowery bands thou didst him fetter;

Though he was fair, and well-beloved again,
Than I he never loved thee better.

“Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, and lo’e me on the banks of Tweed
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.”

“How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How can I lo’e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?”

“Oh Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew, thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

“The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest—’t was my ain sewing;
Ah, wretched me! I little, little kenned
He was, in these, to meet his ruin.

“The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the too fa’ of the night,
He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow!

“Much I rejoiced that waefu’, waefu’ day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

“What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover’s blood is on thy spear—
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

"My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffing
May bid me seek, on Yarrow braes,
My lover nailed in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive, with threatening words, to move me;
My lover's blood is on thy spear—
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love!
With bridal-sheets my body cover!
Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door!
Let in the expected husband-lover!

"But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter!
Ah me! what ghastly spectre 's yon
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
Oh lay his cold head on my pillow!
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
Oh could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lie all night within my arms—
No youth lay ever there before thee!

"Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night within my arms,
No youth shall ever lie there after!"

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride!
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow!

Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs;
 He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow."

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

The School-Mistress.

Am me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
 To think how modest Worth neglected lies,
 While partial Fame doth with her blast adorn
 Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
 Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
 Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
 To sound the praise of Merit, ere it dies,
 Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull Obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
 Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to Fame,
 There dwells in lowly shed, and mean attire,
 A matron old, whom we School-mistress name,
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
 They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
 Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame
 And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
 For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree
 Which Learning near her little dome did stowe
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
 And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;

So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
No vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning-board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd:
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet portray'd,
The childish faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or Earth, or Sky, or Main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'T was simple russet, but it was her own;
'T was her own country bred the flock so fair!
'T was her own labor did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honor'd eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!
Such favor did her past deportment claim:
And, if Neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same,
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marigold of cheerful hue;

The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound,
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labors of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts appear.
Oh wassal days! Oh customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from his lofty sphere:
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete.
If winter 't were, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat;
Sweet melody! to hear her then repete
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,

And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways:
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'T will whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write:

As erst the bard * by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry-coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee:
She meditates a prayer to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh Justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;

* Spenser.

Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke pro-
claim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care :
By turns, astonied, every twig survey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware,
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share,
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair ;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth them greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare ; now certes, doubly sweet.

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there ;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form, and chair ;
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair ;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting ! does declare
His grievous wrong ; his dame's unjust behest ;
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sullied by a vernal shower.
O the hard bosoms of despotic power !
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour ;
Yet hence the youth and hence the flower shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff ! pines,
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns ;

And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines :
And many a sullen look askance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;
And still the more to pleasure him she 's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her havior past resent.

Ah me ! how much I fear lest pride it be !
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires :
Ah ! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is Valor's generous heat ;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul ! more justly great
Than Craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false Deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !
E'en now sagacious Foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die !
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf ! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be ! if rigid Fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield ;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field ;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrilled
Surveys mine work ; and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is
here ?"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
And Liberty unbars her prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque had covered o'er,
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastime, I implore!
For well may Freedom erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the Sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
O never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud Ambition towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair Peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's savory cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-covered o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen;
And goose-b'rie clad in livery red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the Catharine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:

O may no wight e'er penniless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plume all azure, and the nut all brown,
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honored names* th' inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known;

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! 'midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave
Whose heart did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

The Chameleon.

OFt has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes, that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post,
Yet round the world the blade has been
To see whatever could be seen,
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The traveled fool your mouth will stop;

* Shrewsbury cakes.

"Sir, if my judgment you 'll allow,
I 've seen—and sure I ought to know,"
So begs you 'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travelers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun.
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace; and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold, there," the other quick replies,
"T is *green*, I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray:
Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I 've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'T is green, 't is green, sir, I assure ye!"
"Green!" cries the other in a fury—
"Why, sir!—d' ye think I 've lost my eyes?"
"'T were no great loss," the friend replies,
"For, if they always serve you thus,
You 'll find them of but little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows;
When luckily came by a third—
To him the question they referred,
And begged he 'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother!
The creature 's neither one or t' other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candlelight:
I marked it well—'t was black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I 've got it yet,
And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do:
I 'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I 'll be sworn, that when you 've seen
The reptile, you 'll pronounce him green."

"Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I 'll turn him out:
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I 'll eat him."
He said: then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'t was white.

Both stared, the man looked wondrous wise—
"My children," the chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you:
Nor wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

JAMES MERRICK.

Waly, Waly, but Love be Bonny.

O WALY, waly up the bank,
 And waly, waly down the brae,
 And waly, waly yon burn-side,
 Where I and my love wont to gae.
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,
 And thought it was a trusty tree,
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak',
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly but love be bonny,
 A little time while it is new,
 But when 't is auld it waxeth cauld
 And fades away like morning dew.
 Oh! wherefore should I busk my head?
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he 'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me,
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love 's forsaken me.
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves off the tree?
 Oh, gentle death! when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I am weary.

'T is not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blowing snaw's inclemency:
 'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was clad in the black velvet,
 And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd
 That love had been so ill to win,
 I 'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
 And pinn'd it with a silver pin.
 And oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysel' were dead and gane,
 Wi' the green grass growing over me!

ANONYMOUS.

The Tears of Scotland.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
 Thy sons, for valor long renown'd,
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
 Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door;
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
 His all become the prey of war;
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
 Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancor fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day :
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, O fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd :
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel !

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow :
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia mourn
Thy banish'd peace thy laurels torn !"

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

The Vicar of Bray.

IN good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed:
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those that dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
*And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be Vicar of Bray, sir.*

When royal James possessed the crown,
And popery grew in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration;
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And I had been a Jesuit
But for the revolution.

When William was our king declared,
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

When royal Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;

Occasional conformists base,
 I blamed their moderation ;
 And thought the church in danger was,
 By such prevarication.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
 And moderate men looked big, sir,
 My principles I changed once more,
 And so became a Whig, sir ;
 And thus preferment I procured
 From our new faith's defender ;
 And almost every day abjured
 The pope and the pretender.

The illustrious house of Hanover,
 And Protestant succession,
 To these I do allegiance swear—
 While they can keep possession :
 For in my faith and loyalty
 I nevermore will falter,
 And George my lawful king shall be—
 Until the times do alter.
*And this is law that I'll maintain
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 Still I'll be Vicar of Bray, sir.*

ANONYMOUS.

Cumnor Hall.

THE dews of summer night did fall ;
 The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
 Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
 And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies,
 The sounds of busy life were still,

Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privy?"

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
Thy once belovèd bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?"

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

“ For know, when sick’ning grief doth prey,
And tender love ’s repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay,—
What floweret can endure the storm?

“ At court, I’m told, is beauty’s throne,
Where every lady ’s passing rare,
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

“ Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

“ ’Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

“ But, Leicester, (or I much am wrong,)
Or ’t is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition’s gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

“ Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
(The injured surely may repine,)—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

“ Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

“ The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;

Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have woe.

“The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy 's their estate;
To smile for joy than sigh for woe—
To be content—than to be great.

“How far less blest am I than them?
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

“Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

“Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say,
‘Countess, prepare, thy end is near.’

“And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

“My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear,
And many a boding seems to say,
‘Countess, prepare, thy end is near!’ ”

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green ;
Woe was the hour, for nevermore
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball ;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,
Nor ever lead the merry dance,
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveler oft hath sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onward they 've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

The Sailor's Wife.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he 's weel ?
Is this a time to think o' wark ?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel.

Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockins pearly blue;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop,
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;

His very foot has music in 't
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought—
 In troth I 'm like to greet!

If Colin 's weel, and weel content,
 I hae nae mair to crave;
 And gin I live to keep him sae,
 I'm blest aboon the lave.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I 'm downright dizzy wi' the thought—
 In troth I 'm like to greet.
 For there 's nae luck about the house,
 There 's nae luck at a';
 There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman 's awa'.

JEAN ADAM.

The Toper's Apology.

I 'm often ask'd by plodding souls
 And men of crafty tongue,
 What joy I take in draining bowls,
 And tippling all night long.
 Now, though these cautious knaves I scorn,
 For once I 'll not disdain
 To tell them why I sit till morn
 And fill my glass again.

'T is by the glow my bumper gives
 Life's picture 's mellow made;
 The fading light then brightly lives,
 And softly sinks the shade;

Some happier tint still rises there
With every drop I drain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

My Muse, too, when her wings are dry,
No frolic flight will take;
But round a bowl she 'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.
Then if the nymph will have her share
Before she 'll bless her swain—
Why that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

In life I 've rung all changes too,—
Run every pleasure down,—
Tried all extremes of fancy through,
And lived with half the town;
For me there 's nothing new or rare
Till wine deceives my brain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

There 's many a lad I knew is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.
But wine awhile drives off despair,
Nay, bids a hope remain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Then, hipp'd and vex'd at England's state
In these convulsive days,
I can't endure the ruin'd fate
My sober eye surveys;
But, 'midst the bottle's dazzling glare,
I see the gloom less plain—

And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

I find too when I stint my glass,
And sit with sober air,
I 'm prosed by some dull reasoning ass,
Who treads the path of care;
Or, harder tax'd, I 'm forced to bear
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Nay, do n't we see Love's fetters, too,
With different holds entwine?
While nought but death can some undo,
There 's some give way to wine.
With me the lighter head I wear
The lighter hangs the chain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

And now I 'll tell, to end my song,
At what I most repine;
This cursed war, or right or wrong,
Is war against all wine;
Nay, Port, they say, will soon be rare
As juice of France or Spain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

CHARLES MORRIS.

The Three Warnings.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground:
'T was therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our later stages,

When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,—
If old assertions can't prevail,—
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—"You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!
With you!" the hapless husband cried;
"Young as I am 't is monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I 'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day you know."

What more he urged, I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look—
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbor," he said, "Farewell! No more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave.
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,

The willing muse shall tell.

He chaffered then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,

Nor thought of death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,

He passed his hours in peace.

But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood
As all alone he sat,

Th' unwelcome messenger of fate

Once more before him stood.

Half killed with anger and surprise,

"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.

"So soon, d' ye call it?" Death replies.

"Surely, my friend, you 're but in jest!

Since I was here before

'T is six-and-thirty years at least,

And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;

"To spare the agèd would be kind:

However, see your search be legal;

And your authority—is 't regal?

Else you are come on a fool's errand,

With but a secretary's warrant.

Besides, you promised me Three Warnings,

Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, that at the best
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But do n't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you 'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I 've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, 't is true,
But still there 's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."

"There 's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I 'm grown so deaf I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,

"These are unwarrantable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,

You 've had your three sufficient warnings.
So, come along, no more we 'll part,"
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

HESTER THRALE.

Life.

LIFE, I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;

And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.

Life, we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good-Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-Morning.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

When Shall we Three Meet Again?

WHEN shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a burning sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Oft in Fancy's rich domain;
Oft shall we three meet again.

When our burnished locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toil-spent day;
When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,—
Long may this loved bower remain—
Here may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled;
When its wasted lamps are dead;

When in cold oblivion's shade
 Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,—
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we three meet again.

ANONYMOUS.

Gaffer Gray.

"Hc! why dost thou shiver and shake,
 Gaffer Gray,
 And why doth thy nose look so blue?"
 "'T is the weather that 's cold,
 'T is I 'm grown very old,
 And my doublet is not very new,
 Well-a-day!"

"Then line that warm doublet with ale,
 Gaffer Gray,
 And warm thy old heart with a glass."
 "Nay, but credit I 've none,
 And my money 's all gone;
 Then say how may that come to pass?
 Well-a-day!"

"Hie away to the house on the brow,
 Gaffer Gray,
 And knock at the jolly priest's door."
 "The priest often preaches
 Against worldly riches,
 But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
 Well-a-day!"

"The lawyer lives under the hill,
 Gaffer Gray,
 Warmly fenced both in back and in front."
 "He will fasten his locks,
 And will threaten the stocks,

Should he evermore find me in want,
Well-a day!"

'The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray,
And the season will welcome you there."
"His fat beeves and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day!"

"My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray,
What then? While it lasts, man, we 'll live."
"The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day."

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

What Constitutes a State.

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
 These constitute a state;
 And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
 Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
 And e'en the all-dazzling crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks;
 Such was this heaven-loved isle,
 Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
 No more shall freedom smile?
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

To the Cuckoo.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
 Thou messenger of Spring!
 Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear.
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,

Starts, thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I 'd fly with thee!
We 'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

Auld Robin Gray.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the kye at hame,
And a' the weary warld to sleep are gane,
The waes o' my heart fall in showers from my e'e,
While my gudeman sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naithing else beside:
To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been gane a year and a day,
When my faither brake his arm, and our cow was stole
away;
My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam' a courting to me.

My faither could na wark, my mither could na spin,
 I tei'd day and night, but their bread I could na win;
 Auld Rob maintain'd 'em baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,
 Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, oh marry me."

My heart it said nay, for I look'd for Jamie back,
 But the wind it blew hard, and the ship was a wrack—
 The ship was a wrack, why did na Jamie dee?
 Or why was I spared to cry, Wae's me!

My faither urged me sair, my mither did na speak,
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break:
 They gi'ed him my hand, though my heart was at sea,—
 So auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me!

I had na been a wife a week but only four,
 When, sitting sae mournfully out at my door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I could na think it he,
 Till he said, "I 'm come hame, love, to marry thee."

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,—
 We took but ae kiss, and tare oursels away:
 I wish I were dead, but I am na lik' to dee,—
 Oh, why was I born to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, but I care not to spin;
 I dare not think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
 So I will do my best a gude wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

Mary's Dream.

THE moon had climbed the highest hill
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tower and tree,

When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
 When, soft and slow, a voice was heard,
 Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
 Her head, to ask who there might be,
 And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
 With visage pale, and hollow e'e.
 "O Mary dear, cold is my clay;
 It lies beneath a stormy sea.
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
 We tossed upon the raging main;
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.
 Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
 My heart was filled with love for thee:
 The storm is past, and I at rest;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 Where love is free from doubt and care,
 And thou and I shall part no more!"
 Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

JOHN LOWE.

What is Time?

I ASKED an aged man, with hoary hairs,
 Wrinkled and curved with worldly cares:

"Time is the warp of life," said he; "O, tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"
I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode!"
I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins: "Time!" he replied;
"I've lost it! ah, the treasure!"—and he died.
I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years:
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,"
And bade me for eternity prepare.
I asked the Seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
"T is Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize!"
I asked a spirit lost,—but O the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak.
It cried, "A particle! a speck! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"
Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply,—
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of glory or the path of hell."
I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour, the past has fled;
Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."
I asked old Father Time himself at last;
But in a moment he flew swiftly past,
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
I asked the mighty angel who shall stand
One foot on sea and one on solid land:
"Mortal!" he cried, "the mystery now is o'er;
Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no more!"

WILLIAM MARSDEN.

The Groves of Blarney.

THE groves of Blarney, they look so charming,
Down by the purlings of sweet silent brooks,
All decked with posies, that spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order in the rocky nooks.
'T is there the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink, and the rose so fair;
Likewise the lily, and the daffodilly—
All flowers that scent the sweet, open air.

'T is Lady Jaffers owns this plantation,
Like Alexander, or like Helen fair;
There 's no commander in all the nation
For regulation can with her compare.
Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell, he did her pommel,
And made a breach in her battlement.

There 's gravel walks there for speculation,
And conversation in sweet solitude;
'T is there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover, in the afternoon.
And if a young lady should be so engaging
As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
'T is there her courtier, he may transport her
In some dark port, or under ground.

For 't is there 's the cave where no daylight enters,
But bats and badgers are forever bred;
Being mossed by natur' which makes it sweeter
Than a coach and six, or a feather bed.
'T is there 's the lake that is stored with perches,
And comely eels in the verdant mud;
Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,
All standing in order for to guard the flood.

'T is there 's the kitchen hangs many a flitch in,
 With the maids a-stitching upon the stair;
 The bread and biske', the beer and whiskey,
 Would make you frisky if you were there.
 'T is there you 'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
 A washing praties forenent the door,
 With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,
 All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.

There 's statues gracing this noble place in,
 All heathen goddesses so fair—
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
 All standing naked in the open air.
 So now to finish this brave narration,
 Which my poor geni' could not entwine;
 But were I Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,
 'T is in every feature I would make it shine.

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN.

Helen of Kirkconnel.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
 For night and day on me she cries,
 And, like an angel, to the skies
 Still seems to beckon me!
 For me she lived, for me she sigh'd,
 For me she wish'd to be a bride,
 For me in life's sweet morn she died
 On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Where Kirtle waters gently wind.
 As Helen on my arm reclined,
 A rival with a ruthless mind
 Took deadly aim at me.
 My love, to disappoint the foe,
 Rush'd in between me and the blow;
 And now her corse is lying low,
 On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Though Heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
 I curse the hand by which she fell,
 The fiend who made my heaven a hell,

And tore my love from me!
 For if, when all the graces shine,
 O, if on earth there 's aught divine,
 My Helen, all these charms were thine,
 They centred all in thee!

Ah! what avails it that, amain,
 I clove the assassin's head in twain?
 No peace of mind, my Helen slain,
 No resting-place for me.

I see her spirit in the air—
 I hear the shriek of wild despair,
 When murder laid her bosom bare,
 On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

O, when I 'm sleeping in my grave,
 And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
 May He who life and spirit gave
 Unite my love and me!
 Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
 My soul on wings of peace shall rise,
 And, joining Helen in the skies,
 Forget Kirkconnel-Lee.

JOHN MAYNE

Connel and Flora.

DARK lowers the night o'er the wide stormy main,
 Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful again;
 Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore;
 But Connel returns to his Flora no more.

For see, on yon mountain the dark cloud of death
 O'er Connel's lone cottage, lies low on the heath;
 While bloody and pale on a far distant shore
 He lies, to return to his Flora no more.

Ye light fleeting spirits that glide o'er the steep,
 O, would you but waft me across the wild deep,
 There fearless I 'd mix in the battle's loud roar,
 I 'd die with my Connel, and leave him no more.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

The Soldier.

WHAT dreaming drone was ever blest,
 By thinking of the morrow ?
 To-day be mine—I leave the rest
 To all the fools of sorrow ;
 Give me the mind that mocks at care,
 The heart its own defender ;
 The spirits that are light as air,
 And never beat surrender.

On comes the foe—to arms—to arms—
 We meet—'t is death or glory ;
 'T is victory in all her charms,
 Or fame in Britain's story ;
 Dear native land ! thy fortunes frown,
 And ruffians would enslave thee ;
 Thou land of honor and renown,
 Who would not die to save thee ?

'T is you, 't is I, that meets the ball ;
 And me it better pleases
 In battle with the brave to fall,
 Than die of cold diseases ;
 Than drivel on in elbow-chair
 With saws and tales unheeded,
 A tottering thing of aches and care,
 Nor longer loved nor needed.

But thou—dark is thy flowing hair,
 Thy eye with fire is streaming,
 And o'er thy cheek, thy looks, thine air,
 Health sits in triumph beaming ;

Then, brother soldier, fill the wine,
Fill high the wine to beauty ;
Love, friendship, honor, all are thine,
Thy country and thy duty.

WILLIAM SMYTH.

The Beggar.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years ;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel of a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

O, take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold ;
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'T is heaven has brought me to the state you see:
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I sprightly hailed the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wild stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care,
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, lingering fell, a victim of despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Then pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

THOMAS MOSS.

The Orphan Boy.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake,—
'T is want that makes my cheek so pale;
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
To see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought,—
She could not bear to hear my joy;
For with my father's life 't was bought,—
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud;
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd,—
My mother answered with her tears!
"O, why do tears steal down your cheek,"
Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"
She kissed me, and in accents weak,
She called me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I said;
When suddenly she gasped for breath,
And her eyes closed! I shrieked for aid,
But ah! her eyes were closed in death.
My hardships since I will not tell;
But now, no more a parent's joy,
Ah! lady, I have learned too well
What 't is to be an orphan boy.

O, were I by your bounty fed—
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,—
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep; what is 't you say?
You 'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents, look and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy!

AMELIA OPIE.

Night.

MYSTERIOUS Night, when our first parent knew
 Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo! Creation widened on Man's view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
 While flower, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
 Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

The Tears I Shed.

THE tears I shed must ever fall:
 I mourn not for an absent swain;
 For thoughts may past delights recall,
 And parted lovers meet again.
 I weep not for the silent dead;
 Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er;
 And those they loved their steps shall tread,
 And death shall join to part no more.
 Though boundless oceans roll between,
 If certain that his heart is near,
 A conscious transport glads each scene,
 Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
 E'en when by death's cold hand removed,
 We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
 To think that e'en in death he loved,
 Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
 Of her who slighted love bewails;
 No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
 No pleasing melancholy hails.
 Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
 Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy;
 The flatt'ring veil is rent aside,
 The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
 The hours once tinged in transport's dye;
 The sad reverse soon starts to view,
 And turns the past to agony.
 E'en time itself despairs to cure
 Those pangs to ev'ry feeling due:
 Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
 To win a heart—and break it too!

[No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
 Just what would make suspicion start;
 No pause the dire extremes between,
 He made me blest—and broke my heart.]
 From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn;
 Neglected and neglecting all;
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn;
 The tears I shed must ever fall.

HELEN CRANSTOUN STEWART.

To an Indian Gold Coin.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine,
 What vanity has brought thee here?
 How can I love to see thee shine
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
 The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
 For twilight converse, arm in arm;
 The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
 When mirth and music went to charm.

By Cheral's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine, thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer:
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine:
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave
Dark and untimely met my view,—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,

Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipped with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

JOHN LEYDEN.

A Visit from St. Nicholas.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the
house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter nap,—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
'Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Dunder and Blixen—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,

So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkle! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!”

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

O, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleam-
ing?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly stream-
ing;

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.

'T is the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of death and the gloom of the grave.
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that has made and preserved us a na-
tion.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Lucy's Flittin'.

'T was when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in',
 And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
 That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in 't
 And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear.
 For Lucy had served in "The Glen" a' the simmer;
 She cam' there afore the flower bloom'd on the pea;
 An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her,
 Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin',
 Richt sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see;
 Fare-ye-weel, Lucy! quo Jamie, and ran in;
 The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his ee.
 As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' the flittin',
 Fare-ye-weel, Lucy! was ilka bird's sang;
 She heard the crow sayin' 't, high on the tree sittin',
 And robin was chirpin' 't the brown leaves amang.

Oh, what is 't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
 And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?
 If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
 Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
 I 'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
 Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
 I fear I ha'e tint my puir heart a'thegither,
 Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
 The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me;
 Yestreen, when he ga'e me 't, and saw I was sabbin',
 I 'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
 Though now he said naething but Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!
 It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see;
 He cudna say mair but just, Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!
 Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

[The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its droukit;
 The hare likes the brake, and the braird on the lea;
 But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turned and she lookit,
 She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
 Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless,
 And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn;
 For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return.]

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

A Litany for Doneraile.

ALAS! how dismal is my tale!—
 I lost my watch in Doneraile;
 My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
 Pilfered at once in Doneraile.

May fire and brimstone never fail
 To fall in showers on Doneraile;
 May all the leading fiends assail
 The thieving town of Doneraile.

As lightnings flash across the vale,
 So down to hell with Doneraile;
 The fate of Pompey at Pharsale,
 Be that the curse of Doneraile.

May beef or mutton, lamb or veal,
 Be never found in Doneraile;
 But garlic soup, and scurvy kail,
 Be still the food for Doneraile.

And forward as the creeping snail
 Th' industry be of Doneraile;
 May Heaven a chosen curse entail
 On rigid, rotten Doneraile.

May sun and moon forever fail
 To beam their lights in Doneraile;

May every pestilential gale
Blast that cursed spot called Doneraile.

May no sweet cuckoo, thrush, or quail,
Be ever heard in Doneraile;
May patriots, kings, and commonweal,
Despise and harass Doneraile.

May every Post, Gazette, and Mail
Sad tidings bring of Doneraile;
May loudest thunders ring a peal,
To blind and deafen Doneraile.

May vengeance fall at head and tail,
From north to south, at Doneraile;
May profit light, and tardy sale,
Still damp the trade of Doneraile.

May Fame resound a dismal tale,
Whene'er she lights on Doneraile;
May Egypt's plagues at once prevail,
To thin the knaves of Doneraile.

May frost and snow, and sleet and hail,
Benumb each joint in Doneraile;
May wolves and bloodhounds trace and trail
The cursed crew of Doneraile.

May Oscar, with his fiery flail,
To atoms thresh all Doneraile;
May every mischief, fresh and stale,
Abide, henceforth, in Doneraile.

May all, from Belfast to Kinsale,
Scoff, curse, and damn you, Doneraile;
May neither flour nor oatenmeal
Be found or known in Doneraile.

May want and wo each joy curtail
That e'er was known in Doneraile;
May no one coffin want a nail,
That wraps a rogue in Doneraile.

May all the thieves that rob and steal,
The gallows meet in Doneraile;
May all the sons of Granaweal
Blush at the thieves of Doneraile.

May mischief big as Norway whale
O'erwhelm the knaves of Doneraile;
May curses, wholesale and retail,
Pour with full force on Doneraile.

May every transport wont to sail,
A convict bring from Doneraile;
May every churn and milking-pail
Fall dry to staves in Doneraile.

May cold and hunger still congeal
The stagnant blood of Doneraile;
May every hour new woes reveal,
That hell reserves for Doneraile.

May every chosen ill prevail
O'er all the imps of Doneraile;
May no one wish or prayer avail
To soothe the woes of Doneraile.

May th' Inquisition straight impale
The rapparees of Doneraile;
May Charon's boat triumphant sail,
Completely manned from Doneraile.

Oh! may my couplets never fail
To find a curse for Doneraile;
And may grim Pluto's inner jail
For ever groan with Doneraile.

PATRICK O'KELLY.

A Riddle.

'T WAS in heaven pronounced, and 't was muttered in hell,
 And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
 On the confines of earth 't was permitted to rest,
 And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
 'T will be found in the sphere when 't is riven asunder,
 Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder.
 'T was allotted to man with his earliest breath,
 Attends him at birth, and awaits him in death,
 Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
 Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
 In the heaps of the miser 't is hoarded with care,
 But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
 It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
 With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned.
 Without it the soldier, the seaman, may roam;
 But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
 In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
 Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
 'T will not soften the heart; but, though deaf be the ear,
 It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
 Yet in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,
 Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

CATHERINE FANSHAWE.

The Philosopher's Scales.

A MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
 In the depths of his cell with its stone-covered floor,
 Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
 Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
 But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers
 We know not; indeed, 't is no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
 At last, that he brought his invention to bear.

In youth 't was projected, but years stole away,
And ere 't was complete he was wrinkled and gray ;
But success is secure, unless energy fails ;
And at length he produced the Philosopher's Scales.

"What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see ;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.
O no ; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,
And naught so reluctant but in it must go :
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there.
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief ;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With a garment that Dorcas had made for a weight ;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of alms-houses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale ; while the other was pressed
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest ;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough ;

A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
 Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
 A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
 Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
 When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
 Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
 Ten counselors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
 All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
 Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense;
 A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
 Than one good potato just washed from the dirt;
 Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
 One pearl to outweigh,—'t was the Pearl of Great Price.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
 With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
 When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff
 That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof!
 When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
 And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
 While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell
 That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

JANE TAYLOR.

A Modest Wit.

A SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the East—
 Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich—
 A governor, or general, at the least,
 I have forgotten which—
 Had in his family a humble youth,
 Who went from England in his patron's suite,
 An unassuming boy, in truth
 A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
But yet with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,
Did your good father gain a livelihood?"—
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
"And in his time was reckon'd good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade!"

"My father's trade! by heaven, that 's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a gentleman, I 'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"

SELLECK OSBORN.

Saint Patrick.

ST. PATRICK was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people ;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher ;
His mother was a Brady ;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he 's a saint so clever ;
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever !

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so 's the hill of Howth, sir ;
But there 's a hill, much bigger still,
Much higher nor them both, sir :
'T was on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint.

There 's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty varmin musters,
But where he put his dear fore-foot,
And murdered them in clusters.
The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
Slap-dash into the water ;
And the snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
He charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe
In soups and second courses.

Where blind-worms crawling in the grass
Disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise, which opened their eyes
To a sense of their situation.

No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so gay and frisky,
For sure St. Pat he taught them that,
As well as making whiskey ;
No wonder that the saint himself
Should understand distilling,
Since his mother kept a shebeen-shop
In the town of Enniskillen.

O, was I but so fortunate
As to be back in Munster,
'T is I 'd be bound that from that ground
I never more would once stir.
For there St. Patrick planted turf,
And plenty of the praties,
With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store,
And cabbages—and ladies.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he 's a saint so clever ;
O, he gave the snakes and toads a twist
And bothered them forever !

HENRY BENNETT.

The Cloud.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow ;
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below :
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
E'en in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,

Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
While to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

JOHN WILSON.

The Bucket.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it;
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure—
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.

And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

The Soul's Defiance.

I SAID to sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on!—thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks,
With steadfast eye.

I said to penury's meagre train,
Come on! your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to cold neglect and scorn,
Pass on! I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles.

I said to friendship's menaced blow,
 Strike deep! my heart shall bear;
 Thou canst but add one bitter woe
 To those already there;
 Yet still the spirit that sustains
 This last severe distress,
 Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
 And scorn redress.

I said to death's uplifted dart,
 Aim sure! oh, why delay?
 Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
 A weak, reluctant prey;
 For still the spirit, firm and free,
 Unruffled by this last dismay,
 Wrapt in its own eternity,
 Shall pass away.

LAVINIA STODDARD.

The Mitherless Bairn.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
 By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
 Wha stands last and lanely, an' naebody carin' ?
 'T is the puir doited loonie,—the mitherless bairn.

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed;
 Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
 His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
 And litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
 O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
 But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
 That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn.

Yon sister that seng o'er his saftly rocked bed
 Now rests in the mools where her mamie is laid,

The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn.

O, speak him na harshly,—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn,
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn.

WILLIAM THOM.

Stanzas.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dew's of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see,—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;

Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

Afar in the Desert.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my native land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
My high aims abandoned,—my good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—

The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh,—
O, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride !
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand,—
The only law of the Desert Land !

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen ;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine ;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively ;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray ;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain ;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,

Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away, in the wilderness vast
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan,—
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread,—void of living sight or sound.
And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
“A still small voice” comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying,—Man is distant, but God is near!

THOMAS PRINGLE.

+ The Beacon.

THE scene was more beautiful far to the eye,
 Than if day in its pride had arrayed it:
 The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
 Looked pure as the spirit that made it:
 The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
 On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
 From the dim distant hill, till the light-house fire blazed
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
 Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;
 The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
 The fisherman sunk to his slumbers:
 One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
 All hushed was the billows' commotion,
 And o'er them the light-house looked lovely as hope,—
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
 Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
 That blazed on the breast of the billow:
 In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
 And death stills the heart's last emotion;
 O, then may the seraph of mercy arise,
 Like a star on eternity's ocean!

PAUL MOON JAMES

Mortality.

O WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud?
 Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
 A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
 He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,
The husband that mother and infant that blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,—
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would
shrink;

To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers may come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay! they died! and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye, 't is the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

The Whistler.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who
stood

While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline,—

"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood:
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

' And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.

"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic!" the fair maiden cried:

"A favor so slight one's good-nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow; and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss,—
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee,—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you 'd make!
For only consider how silly 't would be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

ROBERT STORY.

We 'll Go to Sea no More.

O, BLITHELY shines the bonny sun
Upon the Isle of May,
And blithely comes the morning tide
Into St. Andrew's Bay.
Then up, gudeman, the breeze is fair,
And up, my braw bairns three;
There 's goud in yonder bonny boat
That sails sae weel the sea!
When haddocks leave the Firth o' Forth,
An' mussels leave the shore,

When oysters climb up Berwick Law,
 We 'll go to sea no more,—
 No more,
 We 'll go to sea no more.

I 've seen the waves as blue as air,
 I 've seen them green as grass;
 But I never feared their heaving yet,
 From Grangemouth to the Bass.
 I 've seen the sea as black as pitch,
 I 've seen it white as snow;
 But I never feared its foaming yet,
 Though the winds blew high or low.
 When squalls capsize our wooden walls,
 When the French ride at the Nore,
 When Leith meets Aberdour half way,
 We 'll go to sea no more,—
 No more,
 We 'll go to sea no more.

I never liked the landsman's life,
 The earth is aye the same;
 Gie me the ocean for my dower,
 My vessel for my hame.
 Gie me the fields that no man plows,
 The farm that pays no fee;
 Gie me the bonny fish that glance
 So gladly through the sea.
 When sails hang flapping on the masts
 While through the waves we snore,
 When in a calm we 're tempest-tossed,
 We 'll go to sea no more,—
 No more,
 We 'll go to sea no more.

The sun is up, and round Inchkeith
 The breezes softly blaw;

The gudeman has the lines on board,—

Awa, my bairns, awa!

An' ye be back by gloamin' gray,

An' bright the fire will low,

An' in your tales and sangs we 'll tell

How weel the boat ye row.

When life's last sun gaes feebly down,

An' death comes to our door,

When a' the world 's a dream to us,

We 'll go to sea no more,—

No more,

We 'll go to sea no more.

MISS CORBETT.

Geehale.

THE blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore,

As sweetly and gayly as ever before;

For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can hie,

And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.

The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,

And reflects o'er the mountains as beamy a light

As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,

When my skies were the bluest, my dreams were the best.

The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,

Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,

And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track,

For they know that their mates are expecting them back

Each bird and each beast, it is blessed in degree;

All nature is cheerful, all happy, but me.

I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair;

I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;

I will sit on the shore where the hurricane blows,

And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes;

I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,

For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;

But they died not by hunger, or lingering decay—
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

This snake-skin, that once I so sacredly wore,
I will toss with disdain to the storm-beaten shore;
Its charms I no longer obey or invoke,
Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke.
I will raise up my voice to the source of the light;
I will dream on the wings of the blue-bird at night;
I will speak to the spirits that whisper in leaves,
And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves;
And will take a new Manito, such as shall seem
To be kind and propitious in every dream.

O, then I shall banish these cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes;
I shall wash from my face every cloud-colored stain;
Red, red shall alone on my visage remain!
I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak bow;
By night and by day I will follow the foe;
Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains, nor snows;
His blood can alone give my spirit repose.

They came to my cabin when heaven was black;
I heard not their coming, I knew not their track;
But I saw, by the light of their blazing fusees,
They were people engendered beyond the big seas.
My wife and my children—O, spare me the tale!
For who is there left that is kin to Geehale?

HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT

I Would not Live Alway.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where, seeking for rest, I but hover around
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;

Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves her brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory 's mine ere I 'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb;
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom.
There too is the pillow where Christ bowed his head—
O, soft be my slumbers on that holy bed!
And then the glad morn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall burst on my sight,
And the full matin-song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet on my ear.
And see soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!

O give me, O give me the wings of a dove!
 Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above.
 Ay, 't is now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
 And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

Lines Written in a Church-yard.

"It is good for us to be here. If thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias."

METHINKS it is good to be here;
 If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
 Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
 But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
 The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

—

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
 Affrighted he shrinketh away;
 For see, they would pen him below
 In a small narrow cave and begirt with cold clay,
 To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
 The charms which she wielded before;
 Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
 The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
 For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of pride?
 To the trappings which dizen the proud?
 Alas! they are all laid aside,
 And here 's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
 But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud

To Riches? Alas, 't is in vain!
 Who hid, in their turns have been hid:
 The treasures are squandered again;

And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer ?
Ah ! here is a plentiful board !
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveler here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love ?
Ah no ! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow ?—the dead cannot grieve ;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear ;
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow ?
Ah no ! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow !
Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise ;
The second to Faith, that insures it fulfilled ;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

The Mariner's Dream.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay ;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind ;

But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory stood sideways half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses,—his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest,—
"O God! thou hast blest me,—I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now 'larms on his ear?
'T is the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky!
'T is the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a-wreck;
The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
 In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
 Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
 And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave !

O sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight !
 In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.
 Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,—
 Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss ?

O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! never again
 Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay ;
 Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
 Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
 Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge,
 But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
 And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge !

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid,—
 Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow ;
 Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
 And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;
 Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye,—
 O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! peace to thy soul !

WILLIAM DIMOND.

Old Grimes.

OLD GRIMES is dead ; that good old man
 We never shall see more ;
 He used to wear a long, black coat,
 All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT GORDON GREENE.

The Closing Year.

'T is midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'t is the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moon-beams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with its aged locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the Earth forever.

'T is a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,

Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms, that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,—
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man,—and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous,—and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
Flashed in the light of midday,—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power

Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow,—cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water,—fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns,—mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain,—new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations,—and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void. Yet, Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE

A Health.

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon ;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'T is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words ;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours ;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers ;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
The idol of past years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain ;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon,—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

The Three Sons.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle
mould.

They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his child-
ish years.

I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair—
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious
air:

I know his heart is fond and kind; I know he loveth me:
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire, is the thought which
fills his mind,

The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth
find.

Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together
walk;

He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children
talk.

Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or
ball,

But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics
all.

His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed

With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about
the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee; she teacheth him to
pray;
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words
which he will say.
O, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years
like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be;
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful
brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on
my knee;
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever
been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feel-
ing;
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love
revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in
the street,
Will shout for joy and bless my boy, he looks so mild and
sweet.
A playfellow is he to all; and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and
hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may
prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly
love;

And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must
dim,

God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him!

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone
to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were
given;

And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in
heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph
brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he
doth feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which God will not
reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at
rest,

Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving
breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy forever
fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering
wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's di-
vinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every
eye.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never
cease;

Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain
peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss
may sever;

But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours forever.
 When we think of what our darling is, and what we still
 must be—
 When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this
 world's misery—
 When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief
 and pain—
 O! we 'd rather lose our other two, than have him here
 again.

JOHN MOULTRIE.

The Annuity.

I GAED to spend a week in Fife—
 An unco week it proved to be—
 For there I met a waesome wife
 Lamentin' her viduity.
 Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
 I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
 And,—I was sae left to mysel,—
 I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh—
 She just was turned o' saxty-three—
 I couldna guessed she'd prove sae tough,
 By human ingenuity.
 But years have come, and years have gane,
 And there she 's yet as stieve as stane—
 The limmer 's growin' young again,
 Since she got her annuity.

She 's crined' awa' to bane and skin,
 But that, it seems, is nought to me;
 She 's like to live—although she 's in
 The last stage o' tenuity.
 She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
 An' stumps about on legs o' thrums;

But comes, as sure as Christmas comes,
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an insurance company;
Her chance o' life was stated there,
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here or tables there,
She 's lived ten years beyond her share,
An' 's like to live a dozen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' host,
I thought a kink might set me free—
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But deil ma' care—the blast gaed by,
And miss'd the auld anatomy—
It just cost me a tooth, for bye
Discharging her annuity.

If there 's a sough o' cholera,
Or typhus,—wha sae gleg as she?
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she 's fever proof—
The pest walked o'er her very roof—
She tauld me sae—an' then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell, her arm she brak—
A compound fracture as could be—
Nae leech the cure wad undertake,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It 's cured! She handles 't like a flail—
It does as weel in bits as hale—
But I 'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken banes
 Are weel as flesh and banes can be;
 She beats the toads that live in stanes,
 An' fatten in vacuity!
 They die when they 're exposed to air,
 They canna thole the atmosphere—
 But her! expose her onywhere,
 She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
 Sma' crime it wad appear to me—
 Ca't murder—or ca't homicide—
 I 'd justify 't—an' do it tae.
 But how to fell a withered wife
 That 's carved out o' the tree of life—
 The timmer limmer dares the knife
 To settle her annuity.

I 'd try a shot—but whar's the mark?
 Her vital parts are hid frae me;
 Her backbone wanders through her sark
 In an unkenn'd corkscrewity.
 She 's palsified, an' shakes her head
 Sae fast about, ye scarce can see 't,
 It 's past the power o' steel or lead
 To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned; but go she 'll not
 Within a mile o' loch or sea;
 Or hanged—if cord could grip a throat
 O' siccan exiguity.
 It 's fitter far to hang the rope—
 It draws out like a telescope;
 'T wad tak' a dreadfu' length o' drop
 To settle her annuity.

Will poison do it? It has been tried,
 But be 't in hash or fricassee,

That 's just the dish she can't abide,
 Whatever kind o' gout it hae.
It 's needless to assail her doubts,
She gangs by instinct, like the brutes,
An' only eats an' drinks what suits
 Hersel' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
 Threescore and ten, perchance, may be;
She 's ninety-four. Let them who can,
 Explain the incongruity.
She should hae lived afore the flood—
She 's come o' patriarchal blood,
She 's some auld Pagan mummified
 Alive for her annuity.

She 's been embalmed inside and oot—
 She 's sauted to the last degree—
There 's pickle in her very snoot
 Sae caper-like an' cruety.
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her—
They 've kyanized the useless knir,
She canna decompose—nae mair
 Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drop wears out the rock,
 As this eternal jaud wears me;
I could withstand the single shock,
 But not the continuity.
It 's pay me here, an' pay me there,
An' pay me, pay me, evermair—
I 'll gang demented wi' despair—
 I 'm charged for her annuity.

GEORGE OUTRAM.

The Forging of the Anchor.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged ; 't is at a white heat
now :

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased ; though on the
forge's brow

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound ;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking
round,

All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare ;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass
there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains, the black mound
heaves below,

And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe ;
It rises, roars, rends all outright,—O Vulcan, what a glow !
'T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright, the high sun shines
not so !

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful
show,—

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy, lurid
row

Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the
foe ;

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing mon-
ster slow

Sinks on the anvil,—all about the faces fiery grow,—

“Hurrah !” they shout, “leap out, leap out :” bang, bang,
the sledges go ;

Hurrah ! the jettèd lightnings are hissing high and low ;

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow ;

The leathern mail rebounds the hail ; the rattling cinders
strew

The ground around ; at every bound the sweltering fount-
ains flow ;

And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke,
pant “Ho !”

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let 's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the
board;

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the
chains,

But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains,
And no: an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky-
high,

Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing,
here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time,
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's
chime!

But while you sling your sledges, sing; and let the burden
be,

The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we;
Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling
red!

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be
sped;

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of
slay;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen
here,

For the Yeo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing
seaman's cheer;

When, weighing slow, at eve they go far, far from love and
home,

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last.

A shapely one he is, and strong as e'er from cat was cast.

O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep
green sea!

O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as
thou?

The hoary monsters' palaces! methinks what joy 't were
now

To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the
whales,

And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their
scourging tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory
horn;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to
scorn;

To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian
isles

He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed miles,
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals
Of his black-browsing ocean-calves, or haply in a cove
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal
thine?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable
line;

And night by night 't is thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play.
But, shamer of our little sports, forgive the name I gave!
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand

Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that drip-
 ping band,
 Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee
 bend,
 With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient
 friend—
 Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps
 round thee,
 Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou 'dst leap with-
 in the sea!
 Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
 To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland;
 Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-yard
 grave,
 So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave.
 Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
 Honor him for their memory whose bones he goes among!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

The Bells of Shandon.

WITH deep affection
 And recollection
 I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would,
 In the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
 Where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee,—
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on

The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,—
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There 's a bell in Moscow ;
While on tower and kiosk O
In St. Sophia
 The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit
 Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there 's an anthem
 More dear to me,—
'T is the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

FRANCIS MAHONY.

The Death of Napoleon.

WILD was the night, yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow ;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
The few that his stern heart cherished ;
They knew, by his glazed and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perished.

They knew by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of days when the nations shook,
And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumphed the Frenchman's eagle,
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed,
And again on the hills of haughty Spain
His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
At the pyramids, at the mountain,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountain,

On the snowy cliffs where mountain streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannon's rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day,
A day that shall live in story;
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
"And left him alone with his glory."

ISAAC McLELLAN.

The Grave of Bonaparte.

ON a lone barren isle, where the wild roaring billows
Assail the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willows,
Like fond weeping mourners, lean over the grave.

The lightnings may flash, and the loud thunders rattle:

He heeds not, he hears not, he 's free from all pain;—
He sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last battle!
No sound can awake him to glory again!

O shade of the mighty, where now are the legions

That rush'd but to conquer when thou led'st them on?
Alas! they have perish'd in far hilly regions,
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone!
The trumpet may sound, and the loud cannon rattle!
They heed not, they hear not, they 're free from all pain:
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle!
No sound can awake them to glory again!

Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,

For, like thine own eagle that soar'd to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind thee
A name which before thee no mortal had won.
Though nations may combat, and war's thunders rattle,
No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain:
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle!
No sound can awake thee to glory again!

H. S. WASHBURN (?)

Widow Malone.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!

Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone!

O, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,—
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!

So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more,

And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
'T was known
That no one could see her alone,
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mither O'Brien, from Clare,
(How quare!
It 's little for blushing they care
Down there)
Put his arm round her waist,—
Gave ten kisses at last,—
"O," says he, "you 're my Molly Malone,
My own!"
"O," says he, "you 're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,—
For why?
But, "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There 's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort, it 's not very long,
But strong :
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh ;
For they 're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone !
O, they 're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

CHARLES LEVER.

Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

I 'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride ;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high ;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary ;
The day is bright as then ;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek ;
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more will speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary ;
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,

For I 've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I 'm very lonely now, Mary—
For the poor make no new friends;
But, O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride:
There 's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow,
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore,
Oh! I 'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I 'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true!
But I 'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I 'm goin' to;
They say there 's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I 'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

The Happy Land.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

COME to this happy land—
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand—
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee—
Blest, blest for aye.

BRIGHT in that happy land
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

ANDREW YOUNG.

Gluggity Glug.

A JOLLY fat friar loved liquor good store,
 And he had drunk stoutly at supper ;
 He mounted his horse in the night at the door,
 And sat with his face to the crupper.
 "Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to remorse,
 Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,
 Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
 While I was engaged at the bottle,
 Which went gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug."

The tail of the steed pointed south on the dale,
 'T was the friar's road home, straight and level ;
 But, when spurred, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,
 So he scampered due north like a devil.
 "This new mode of docking," the friar then said,
 "I perceive does n't make a horse trot ill ;
 "And 't is cheap, for he never can eat off his head
 While I am engaged at the bottle,
 Which goes gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug."

The steed made a stop—in a pond he had got,
 He was rather for drinking than grazing ;
 Quoth the friar, "'T is strange headless horses should trot,
 But to drink with their tails is amazing !"
 Turning round to see whence this phenomenon rose,
 In the pond fell this son of a pottle ;
 Quoth he, "The head 's found, for I 'm under his nose,—
 I wish I were over a bottle,
 Which goes gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug."

GEORGE COLMAN.

Here she Goes—and There she Goes.

Two Yankee wags, one summer day,
 Stopped at a tavern on their way ;

Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,
And woke to breakfast on the best.

The breakfast over, Tom and Will
Sent for the landlord and the bill;
Will looked it over; "Very right—
But hold! what wonder meets my sight?
Tom! the surprise is quite a shock!"
"What wonder? where?" "The clock! the clock!"

Tom and the landlord in amaze
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,
And for a moment neither spoke;
At last the landlord silence broke:

"You mean the clock that 's ticking there?
I see no wonder, I declare;
Though may be, if the truth were told,
'T is rather ugly—somewhat old;
Yet time it keeps to half a minute,
But, if you please, what wonder 's in it?"

"Tom, do n't you recollect," said Will,
"The clock in Jersey near the mill,
The very image of this present,
With which I won the wager pleasant?"
Will ended with a knowing wink—
Tom scratched his head, and tried to think.
"Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,"
The landlord said, with grin admiring,
"What wager was it?"

"You remember,
It happened, Tom, in last December.
In sport I bet a Jersey Blue
That it was more than he could do,
To make his finger go and come

In keeping with the pendulum,
Repeating, till one hour should close,
Still '*Here she goes—and there she goes*'—
He lost the bet in half a minute."

"Well, if I would, the deuce is in it!"
Exclaimed the landlord; "try me yet,
And fifty dollars be the bet."
"Agreed, but we will play some trick
To make you of the bargain sick!"
"I'm up to that!"

"Do n't make us wait;
Begin, the clock is striking eight."
He seats himself, and left and right
His finger wags with all his might,
And hoarse his voice, and hoarser grows,
With "*Here she goes—and there she goes*!"

"Hold," said the Yankee, "plank the ready!"
The landlord wagged his fingers steady
While his left hand, as well as able,
Conveyed a purse upon the table.
"Tom, with the money let's be off!"
This made the landlord only scoff.

He heard them running down the stair,
But was not tempted from his chair.
Thought he, "The fools! I'll bite them yet!
So poor a trick sha' n't win the bet."
And loud and loud the chorus rose
Of "*Here she goes—and there she goes*!"
While right and left his finger swung,
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in, to see
Her daughter. "Where is Mrs. B—
When will she come, as you suppose?
Son!"

"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"Here! where?"—the lady in surprise

His finger followed with her eyes;

"Son, why that steady gaze and sad?

Those words—that motion—are you mad?

But here 's your wife—perhaps she knows,

And—"

"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

His wife surveyed him with alarm,

And rushed to him and seized his arm;

He shook her off, and to and fro

His finger persevered to go,

While curled his very nose with ire,

That *she* against him should conspire,

And with more furious tone arose

The "*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Lawks!" screamed the wife, "I 'm in a whirl!

Run down and bring the little girl;

She is his darling, and who knows

But—"

"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"Lawks! he is mad! What made him thus?

Good Lord! what will become of us?

Run for a doctor—run—run—run—

For Doctor Brown, and Doctor Dun,

And Doctor Black, and Doctor White,

And Doctor Grey, with all your might."

The doctors came, and looked and wondered,

And shook their heads, and paused and pondered,

Till one proposed he should be bled,

"No—leeches, you mean," the other said—

"Clap on a blister," roared another,

"No—cup him"—"No—trepan him, brother!"

A sixth would recommend a purge,
 The next would an emetic urge,
 The eighth, just come from a dissection,
 His verdict gave for an injection;
 The last produced a box of pills,
 A certain cure for earthly ills;
 "I had a patient yesternight,"
 Quoth he, "and wretched was her plight,
 And as the only means to save her,
 Three dozen patent pills I gave her,
 And by to-morrow, I suppose
 That—"

"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"You all are fools," the lady said,
 "The way is, just to shave his head,
 Run, bid the barber come anon—"
 "Thanks, mother," thought her clever son,
 "You help the knaves that would have bit me,
 But all creation sha' n't outwit me!"
 Thus to himself, while to and fro
 His finger perseveres to go,
 And from his lips no accent flows
 But "*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"
 The barber came—"Lord help him! what
 A queer customer I 've got;
 But we must do our best to save him—
 So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him!"
 But here the doctors interpose—
 "A woman never—"

"There she goes!"

"A woman is no judge of physic,
 Not even when her baby is sick.
 He must be bled"—"No—no—a blister"—
 "A purge you mean"—"I say a clyster"—
 "No—cup him"—"leech him"—"pills! pills! pills!"
 And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? What means that shiver?
 The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver,
 And triumph brightens up his face—
 His finger yet shall win the race!
 The clock is on the stroke of nine—
 And up he starts—" 'T is mine! 't is mine!"
 "What do you mean?"

"I mean the fifty!
 I never spent an hour so thrifty;
 But you, who tried to make me lose,
 Go, burst with envy, if you choose!
 But how is this! Where are they?"

"Who?"
 "The gentlemen—I mean the two
 Came yesterday—are they below?"
 "They galloped off an hour ago."
 "Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed!
 For, hang the knaves, I'm mad indeed!"

JAMES NACK.

She Died in Beauty.

SHE died in beauty,—like a rose
 Blown from its parent stem;
 She died in beauty,—like a pearl
 Dropped from some diadem.

She died in beauty,—like a lay
 Along a moonlit lake;
 She died in beauty,—like the song
 Of birds amid the brake.

She died in beauty,—like the snow
 On flowers dissolved away;
 She died in beauty,—like a star
 Lost on the brow of day.

She lives in glory,—like night's gems
 Set round the silver moon;
 She lives in glory,—like the sun
 Amid the blue of June.

CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

The New Tale of a Tub.

THE Orient day was fresh and fair,
 A breeze sang soft in the ambient air,
 Men almost wondered to find it there,
 Blowing so near Bengal,
 Where waters bubble as boiled in a pot,
 And the gold of the sun spread melting hot,
 And there 's hardly a breath of wind to be got
 At any price at all.
 Unless, indeed, when the great Simoom
 Gets up from its bed with the voice of doom,
 And deserts no rains e'er drench
 Rise up and roar with a dreadful gust,
 Pillars of sand and clouds of dust
 Rushing on drifted, and rapid to burst,
 And filling all India's throat with thirst
 That its Ganges could n't quench.

No great Simoom rose up to-day,
 But only a gentle breeze,
 And that of such silent and voiceless play
 That a lady's bustle
 Had made more rustle
 Than *it* did among the trees.
 'T was not like the breath of a British vane,
 Where each Green acre is blessed with a Gale
 Whenever the natives please;
 But it was of that soft inviting sort
 That it tempted to revel in picnic sport
 A couple of Bengalese.

Two Bengalese
Resolved to seize

The balmy chance of that cool-winged weather,
To revel in Bengal ease together.

One was tall, the other was stout,
They were natives both of the glorious East,
And both so fond of a rural feast

That off they roamed to a country plain,

Where the breeze roved free about,
That during its visits brief, at least,
If it never were able to blow again,

It might blow upon their blow-out.

The country plain gave a view as small

As ever man clapped his eyes on,
Where the sense of sight did easily pall,
For it kept on seeing nothing at all,

As far as the far horizon.

Nothing at all!—Oh! what do I say?—

Something certainly stood in the way
(Though it had neither cloth nor tray,

With its “tiffin” I would n’t quarrel)—

It was a sort of hermaphrodite thing,
(It might have been filled with sugar or ling
But is very unfit for a muse to sing),

Betwixt a tub and a barrel.

It stood in the midst of that Indian plain,
Burning with sunshine, pining for rain,
A parenthesis balanced ’twixt pleasure and pain,

And as stiff as if it were starching,—
When up to it, over the brown and green
Of that Indian soil, were suddenly seen

Two gentlemen anxiously marching.
Those two gentlemen were, if you please,
The aforesaid couple of Bengalese;

And the tub or barrel that stood beyond—

For short we will call it Tub—
 Contained with pride,
 In its jolly inside,
The prize of which they were dotingly fond,
 The aforesaid gentlemen's grub.

'Leave us alone—come man or come beast,"
Said the eldest, "We'll soon have a shy at the feast."

They are now at their picnic with might and with main.
But what do we see in the front of the plain?

 A jungle, a thicket of bush, weed, and grass,
 And in it reposing—eh?—no, not an ass—

 Not an ass, not an ass,—that could not come to pass;
No donkey, no donkey, no donkey at all,
But, superb in his slumber, a Royal Bengal.

 Though Royal, he was n't a king—
 No such thing!

He did n't rule lands from the Thames to the Niger,
 But he did hold a reign
 O'er that jungle and plain,
And besides was a very magnificent Tiger.

 There he lay, in his skin so gay,
His passions at rest, and his appetites curbed;

 A Minister Prime,
 In his proudest time,

Asleep, was never more undisturbed;
 For who would come to shake him?
O, it's certain sure, in his dream demure,
 That none would dare to wake him.

Only the Royal snore may creep
Over the dreams of a Tiger's sleep.

The Bengalese, in cool apparel,
Meanwhile have reached their picnic barrel;
In other words, they have tossed the grub

Out of their great provision Tub,
And, standing it up for shelter,
Sit guzzling underneath its shade,
With a glorious dinner ready-made,
Which they're eating helter-skelter.
Ham and chicken, and bread and cheese,
They make a pass to spread on the grass.
They sit at ease, with their plates on their knees,
And now their hungry jaws they appease,
And now they turn to the glass;
For Hodgson's ale
Is genuine pale,
And the bright champagne
Flows not in vain,
The most convivial souls to please
Of these very thirsty Bengalese.

Ha! one of the two has relinquished his fork,
And wakes up the Tiger by drawing a cork.

Blurting and spurting!
List! O list!
Perhaps the Tiger thinks he is hissed.
Effervescing and whizzed and phizzed!
Perhaps his Majesty thinks he is quizzed,
Or haply deems,
As he 's roused from his dreams,
That his visions have come to a thirsty stop,
And resolves to moisten his throat with a drop.

At all events, with body and soul,
He gives in his jungle a stretch and a roll,
Then regally rises to go for a stroll,
With a temperate mind,
For a beast of his kind,
And a tail uncommonly long behind.

He knows of no water,
By field or by flood;
He does not seek slaughter,
He does not scent blood.
No! the utmost scope
Of his limited hope
Is, that these
Bengalese,
When they find he arrives,
May not rise from their picnic and run for their lives,
But simply bow on that beautiful plain,
And offer Sir Tiger a glass of champagne.
"From my jungle it true is
They woke me, I think,
So the least they can do is
To give me some drink."

Gently Tiger crouches along,
Humming a kind of animal song,
A sweet subdued familiar lay
As ever was warbled by beast of prey;
And all so softly, tunelessly done,
That it made no more sound
Than his shade on the ground;
So the Bengalese heard it, never a one!

Gently Tiger steals along,
"Mild as a moonbeam," meek as a lamb,—
What so suddenly changes his song
From a tune to a growl?
"Och! by my sowl,
Nothing on earth but the smell of the ham!"
He quickens his pace,
The illigant baste,
And he's running a race
With himself for a taste.
And he's taken to roaring, and given up humming,
Just to let the two Bengalese know he is coming.

What terrors sieze
The Bengalese

As the roar of the Tiger reaches the ear,
Their hair is standing on end with fear.
Short-and-stout, with *his* hair all gray,
Has a rattling note in his jolly old throat;
If choking his laugh with a truss of hay,
He could n't more surely have stifled the gay.
While Tall-and-thin with *his* hair all caroty,
Looks thrice as red with fright as his head,
And his face bounds plump, at a single jump,
Into horror, and out of hilarity.
All they can hear, in their terrible fear,
Behind and before, is the Tiger's roar;
Again and again, o'er the plain,
Clearer and clearer, nearer and nearer,
Into the Tub now its way it has found,
Where its echoes keep rolling round and round,
Till out of the bung-hole they bursting come,
Like a regiment of thunders escaped from a drum.

If an earthquake had shattered a thousand kegs,
The terrified Bengalese could n't, i' fegs,
Have leapt more rapidly on to their legs.

He 's at 'em, he 's on 'em, the jungle guest!

When a man's life by peril is prest,

His wits will sometimes be at their best.

So the presence of Tiger, I find,

Inspires our heroes with presence of mind.

There 's no time to be lost—

Down the glasses are tossed;

The Bengalese have abandoned their grub,

And they 're dodging their gentleman round the Tub.

Active and earnest they nowhere lodge,

And he can't get at them, because of their dodge.

Short-and-stout and Tall-and-thin

Never before such a scrape were in,

Nor ever yet used—can you well have a doubt of it?—
So uncommonly artful a dodge to get out of it.

Tiger keeps prowling,
Howling, and growling;

He feels himself that their dodge is clever;
But the quick fresh blood of the Bengalese
Nicer and nicer he snuffs on the breeze.
The more they practice their dodge recitals,
The more he longs to dine on their vitals.
His passion is up, his hunger is keen,
His jaws are ready, his teeth are clean,
And sharpened their limbs to sever.

The fire is flashing in light from his eyes;
In his own peculiar manner he cries,

The while they shine,
“If I mean to dine,
I had better begin,”
And then, with a grin,

And a voice the loudest that ever was heard,
He roars, “Never trust to a tiger’s word,
If this dodge shall last much longer!

No, no, no, no,—it shall be no go!
There ’s a way of disturbing this Tub’s repose;
So down on your knees,
You Bengalese,
And prepare to be eaten up, if you please.
Here goes!

Here goes! here goes!” and he gave a spring.
The gentlemen, looking for no such thing,
Might have fallen a prey to the Tiger’s fling;

But a certain interference,
Which bursts from their most intelligent Tub,
May enable them to return to their grub,
On the selfsame plain a year hence.

The Tub, though empty of roll and ration,
Is full of a certain preservation,

Of which—though it does not follow

In every case of argumentation

It is full because it is hollow.

For, not having a top, and no inside things,

It turns top-heavy when Tiger springs,

And, making a kind of balancing pause,

Keeps holding the animal up by his claws,

In a manner that seems to fret it;

While Short-and-stout, in a state of doubt,

Keeps on his belly a sharp lookout;

And Tall-and-thin, with an impudent grin,

Exults in his way,

As much as to say,

“I only wish you may get it!

But much as I may respect your ability,

I don't see at present the great probability.”

The Tiger has leapt up, heart and soul.

It's clear he meant to go the whole

Hog, in his hungry efforts to seize

The two defianceful Bengalese.

But the Tub! the Tub!

Ay, there's the rub!

At present he's balanced atop of the Tub,

His fore legs inside,

And the rest of his hide,

Not weighing so much as his head and his legs,

And having no hand in

A pure understandin'

Of the just equilibrium of casks and of kegs,

Not bred up in attics,

Nor taught mathematics,

To work out the problems of Euclid with pegs,—

He has plunged with the impetus wild of a lover,

And the Tub has loomed large, balanced, paused, and
turned over.

The Tiger at first had a hobby-horse ride,

But now he is decently quartered inside;

And the question is next, long as fortune may frown on
him,

How the two Bengalese are to keep the Tub down on
him.

'Bout this there 's no blunder,
The Tiger is under
The Tub!

My verse need not run
To the length of a sonnet,
To tell how the Bengalese
Both jumped upon it,
While the beautiful barrel
Keeps acting as bonnet
To the Tiger inside,
Who no more in his pride

Can roam over jungle and plain,
But sheltered alike from the sun and the rain,
Around its interior his sides deigns to rub
With a fearful hub-bub,
And longs for his freedom again.

The two Bengalese,
Not at all at their ease,
Hear him roar,
And deplore
Their prospects as sore,
Forgetting both picnic and flask;
Each, wondering, dumb,
What of both will become,
Helps the other to press on the cask;
Resigned to their fate,
But increasing their weight
By action of muscle and sinew,
In order that forcibly you, Mr. Tub,
Whom their niggers this morning
Rolled here with their grub,
May still keep the Tiger within you.

On the top of the Tub,
In the warmest of shirts,
The thin man stands,
While the fat by his skirts
Holds, anxiously puffing and blowing ;
And the thin peers over the top of the cask,
“Is there any hope for us ?”
As much as to ask,
With a countenance cunning and knowing ;
And just as he mournfully 'gins to bewail,
In a grief-song that ought to be sung whole,
He twigs the long end of the old Tiger's tail
As it twists itself out of the bung-hole.
Then, sharp on the watch,
He gives it a catch,
And shouts to the Tiger,
“You 've now got your match ;
You may rush and may riot, may wriggle and roar,
But I 'm blest if I 'll let your tail go any more !”
It 's as safe as a young roasted pig in a larder,
And no two Bengalese could hold on by it harder.
With the Tiger's tail clenched fast in his fist,
And his own coat-tail grasped fast to assist,
Stands Tall-and-thin with Short-and-stout,
Both on the top of the Tub to scout,
Tiger within and they without,
And both in a pretty pickle.
The Tiger begins by giving a bound ;
The Tub 's half turned, but the men are found
To have very carefully jumped to the ground—
At trifles they must not stickle.
It 's no use quaking and turning pale,
Pluck and patience must now prevail,
They must keep a hold on the Tiger's tail,
And neither one be fickle.
There they must pull, if they pull for weeks,
Straining their stomachs and bursting their cheeks,

While Tiger alternately roars and squeaks,
 Trying to break away from 'em;
 They must keep the Tub turned over his back,
 And never let his long tail get slack,
 For fear he should win the day from 'em.
 Yes, yes, they must hold him tight,
 From night till morning, from morn till night,—
 Must n't stop to eat, must n't stop to weep,
 Must n't stop to drink, must n't stop to sleep,—
 No cry, no laugh, no rest, no grub,
 Till they starve the Tiger under the Tub,
 Till the animal dies,
 To his own surprise,
 With two Bengalese in a deadly quarrel,
 And his tail thrust through the hole of a barrel.

Oh dear! oh dear! it's very clear
 They can't live so; but they dare n't let go—
 Fate for a pitying world to wail,
 Starving behind a Tiger's tail.
 If Invention be Necessity's son,
 Now let him tell them what's to be done.
 What's to be done! ha! I see a grin
 Of joy on the face of Tall-and-thin,
 Some new device he has hit in a trice,
 The which he is telling all about
 To the gratified gentleman, Short-and-stout.
 What's to be done! what precious fun!
Have n't they found out what's to be done!
 See! see! what glorious glee!
 Note! mark! what a capital lark!
 Tiger and Tub, and bung-hole and all,
 Baffled by what is about to befall.
 Excellent! marvelous! beautiful! O!
Is n't it now an original go!
 What, stop! I'm ready to drop.
 Hold! stay! I'm fainting away.

Laughter I 'm certain will kill me to-day ;
 And Short-and-stout is bursting his skin,
 And almost in fits is Tall-and-thin,
 And Tiger is free, yet they do not quail,
 Though temper has all gone wrncg with him
 No! they 've tied a knot in the Tiger's tail,
 And he carried the Tub along with him ;
 He 's a freehold for life, with a tail out of joint,
 And has made his last climax a true knotty point.

FREDERICK W. N. BAYLEY

The Old Sexton.

NIGH to a grave that was newly made,
 Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade ;
 His work was done, and he paused to wait
 The funeral-train at the open gate.
 A relic of by-gone days was he,
 And his locks were gray as the foamy sea ;
 And these words came from his lips so thin :
 " I gather them in—I gather them in—
 Gather—gather—I gather them in.

" I gather them in ; for man and boy,
 Year after year of grief and joy,
 I 've builded the houses that lie around
 In every nook of this burial ground.
 Mother and daughter, father and son,
 Come to my solitude one by one ;
 But come they stranger, or come they kin,
 I gather them in—I gather them in.

" Many are with me, yet I 'm alone ;
 I 'm King of the Dead, and I make my throne
 On a monument slab of marble cold—
 My sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.

Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all !
May they loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin,
I gather them in—I gather them in.

“ I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, down here, in the earth’s dark breast ! ”
And the sexton ceased as the funeral-train
Wound mutely over that solemn plain ;
And I said to myself : When time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton’s old,
Will be heard o’er the last trump’s dreadful din ;
“ I gather them in—I gather them in—
Gather—gather—gather them in.”

PARK BENJAMIN.

The Private of the Buffs.

LAST night among his fellow-roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore ;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman’s frown,
He stands in Elgin’s place,
Ambassador from Britain’s crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord or axe or flame,
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go ;

Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
 One sheet of living snow ;
 The smoke above his father's door
 In gray soft eddyings hung ;
 Must he then watch it rise no more,
 Doomed by himself so young ?

Yes, honor calls!—with strength like steel
 He put the vision by ;
 Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
 An English lad must die.
 And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
 With knee to man unbent,
 Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
 To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
 Vain those all-shattering guns,
 Unless proud England keep untamed
 The strong heart of her sons ;
 So let his name through Europe ring,—
 A man of mean estate,
 Who died as firm as Sparta's king,
 Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

Light.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom
 The sun rolled black and bare,
 Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast
 Of the threads of my golden hair ;
 And when the broad tent of the firmament
 Arose on its airy spars,
 I penciled the hue of its matchless blue,
 And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art on the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er the world accurs'd
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Came forth among the dead,
With the wond'rous gleams of my bridal beams,
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote, on the roll of the storm's dark scroll,
God's covenant of peace!

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept;—
Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains
Their lonely vigils kept—
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
Joy, joy to the outcast man!

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
Feel my smile, the blest smile of a friend.
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embrac'd,
As the rose in the garden of Kings;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly wings.

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,

Till I bid the bright hours chase night from her bowers,
 And lead the young day to her arms;
 And when the gay Rover seeks Eve for his lover,
 And sinks to her balmy repose,
 I wrap their soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,
 In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,
 I gaze with unslumbering eye,
 When the cynosure star of the mariner
 Is blotted from out of the sky;
 And guided by me through the merciless sea,
 Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
 His compassless bark, lone, weltering, dark,
 To the haven-home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
 The birds in their chambers of green,
 And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
 As they bask in my matinal sheen.
 Oh, if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,
 Though fitful and fleeting the while,
 What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
 Ever bright with the Deity's smile!

WILLIAM PITT PALMER

A Death-Bed.

HER suffering ended with the day;
 Yet lived she at its close,
 And breathed the long, long night away
 In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 She passed through glory's morning-gate,
 And walked in Paradise.

JAMES ALDRICH.

A Christmas Hymn.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door,
Across his path. He passed, for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;

The earth was still, but knew not why;
 The world was listening, unawares.
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world forever
 To that still moment, none would heed,
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness, charmed and holy now!
 The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given;
 For in that stable lay, new-born,
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMETT.

The Ivy Green.

O, A DAINTY plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old!
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim;
 And the mouldering dust that years have made
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
 And a stanch old heart has he!

How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS

The Polish Boy.

WHENCE come those shrieks so wild and shrill,
That cut, like blades of steel, the air,
Causing the creeping blood to chill
With the sharp cadence of despair?

Again they come, as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence come they? From yon temple, where
An altar, raised for private prayer,
Now forms the warrior's marble bed
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.

The dim funereal tapers throw
A holy lustre o'er his brow,
And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that 's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress?
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp.
It is the hand of her whose cry
Rang wildly, late, upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye
Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow
She murmurs forth her anguish now.
But hark! the tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the bloody street;
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep;
The gate is burst; a ruffian band
Rush in, and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child;
Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted with fearful energy,
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead;
Nor touch the living boy; I stand
Between him and your lawless band.

Take *me*, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 't will save my child ! "

"Peace, woman, peace ! " the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.
"One moment ! " shrieked the mother ; "one !
Will land or gold redeem my son ?
Take heritage, take name, take all,
But leave him free from Russia's thrall !
Take these ! " and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there ;
Her cross of blazing rubies, last,
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.
He stooped to seize the glittering store ;—
Up springing from the marble floor,
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy.
But no ! The Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And, breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.
Proudly he towers ; his flashing eye,
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.
His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks ;

With a full voice of proud command
He turned upon the wondering band:
"Ye hold me not! no! no, nor can;
This hour has made the boy a man.
I knelt before my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
I wept upon his marble brow,
Yes, wept! I was a child; but now
My noble mother, on her knee,
Hath done the work of years for me!"
He drew aside his broidered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jeweled haft of poniard bright
Glittered a moment on the sight.
"Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
Think ye my noble father's glaive
Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
The pearls that on the handle flame,
Would blush to rubies in their shame;
The blade would quiver in thy breast
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood.
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang:
"Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
The choice was death or slavery.
Up, mother, up! Look on thy son!
His freedom is forever won;
And now he waits one holy kiss
To bear his father home in bliss,
One last embrace, one blessing,—one!
To prove thou know'st, approv'st thy son.

What! silent yet? Canst thou not feel
 My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
 Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head!
 What! silent still? Then art thou dead!
 —Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I
 Rejoice with thee,—and thus—to die.”
 One long, deep breath, and his pale head
 Lay on his mother's bosom,—dead.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

Balaklava.

O THE charge at Balaklava!
 O that rash and fatal charge!
 Never was a fiercer, braver,
 Than that charge at Balaklava,
 On the battle's bloody marge!
 All the day the Russian columns,
 Fortress huge, and blazing banks,
 Poured their dread destructive volumes
 On the French and English ranks,—
 On the gallant allied ranks!
 Earth and sky seemed rent asunder
 By the loud incessant thunder!
 When a strange but stern command—
 Needless, heedless, rash command—
 Came to Lucan's little band,—
 Scarce six hundred men and horses
 Of those vast contending forces:—
 “England's lost unless you save her!
 Charge the pass at Balaklava!”
 O that rash and fatal charge,
 On the battle's bloody marge!

Far away the Russian Eagles
 Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,
 And their hordes, like howling beagles,
 Dense and countless, round them yell!

Thundering cannon, deadly mortar,
Sweep the field in every quarter!
Never, since the days of Jesus,
Trembled so the Chersonesus!

Here behold the Gallic Lilies—
Stout St. Louis' golden Lilies—
Float as erst at old Ramillies!
And beside them, lo! the Lion!
With her trophied Cross, is flying!
Glorious standards!—shall they waver
On the field of Balaklava?
No, by Heavens! at that command—
Sudden, rash, but stern command—
Charges Lucan's little band!
Brave Six Hundred! lo! they charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

Down yon deep and skirted valley,
Where the crowded cannon play,—
Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,
Cossack, Calmuck, savage Kalli,—
Down that gorge they swept away!
Down the new Thermopylæ,
Flashing swords and helmets see!
Underneath the iron shower,
To the brazen cannon's jaws,
Heedless of their deadly power,
Press they without fear or pause,—
To the very cannon's jaws!
Gallant Nolan, brave as Roland
At the field of Roncesvalles,
Dashes down the fatal valley,
Dashes on the bolt of death,
Shouting with his latest breath,
"Charge, then, gallants! do not waver
Charge the pass at Balaklava!"
O that rash and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

Now the bolts of volleyed thunder
Rend the little band asunder,
Steed and rider wildly screaming,
 Screaming wildly, sink away ;
Late so proudly, proudly gleaming,
 Now but lifeless clods of clay,—
 Now but bleeding clods of clay !
Never since the days of Jesus,
Saw such sight the Chersonesus !
Yet your remnant, brave Six Hundred,
Presses onward, onward, onward,
 Till they storm the bloody pass,—
 Till, like brave Leonidas,
 They storm the deadly pass !
Sabring Cossack, Calmuck, Kalli,
In that wild shot-rended valley,—
Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,
Awful pass at Balaklava !
 O that rash and fatal charge,
 On that battle's bloody marge !

For now Russia's rallied forces,
Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,
Trampling o'er the reeking corpses,
 Drive the thinned assailants back,
 Drive the feeble remnant back,
 O'er their late heroic track !
Vain, alas ! now rent and sundered,
Vain your struggles, brave Two Hundred !
Thrice your number lie asleep,
In that valley dark and deep.
Weak and wounded you retire
From that hurricane of fire,—
That tempestuous storm of fire,—
But no soldiers firmer, braver,
 Ever trod the field of fame,
Then the Knights of Balaklava,—
 Honor to each hero's name !

Yet their country long shall mourn
 For her ranks so rashly shorn,—
 So gallantly, but madly shorn
 In that fierce and fatal charge,
 On the battle's bloody marge.

ALEXANDER B. MEEK.

The Pauper's Drive.

THERE s a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot—
 To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot;
 The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
 And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings:

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none—
 He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone—
 Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
 To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
 The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels, how they spin
 How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!
 The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
 To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!
 He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
 But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

You bumpkins, who stare at your brother conveyed,
 Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!

And be joyful to think, when by death you 're laid low,
You 've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go !

Rattle his bones over the stones !

He 's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !

But a truce to this strain ; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend.

Bear soft his bones over the stones !

Though a pauper, he 's one whom his Maker yet owns !

THOMAS NOEL.

Florence Vane.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane ;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again ;
I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes and thy derision,
Florence Vane !

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told,
That spot, the hues elysian
Of sky and plain
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane !

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime ;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme ;

Thy heart was as a river
Without a main,
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under;
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep,
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

The Dule 's i' this Bonnet o' Mine.

THE dule 's i' this bonnet o' mine:
My ribbins 'll never be reet;
Here, Mally, aw 'm like to be fine,
For Jamie 'll be comin' to-neet;
He met me i' th' lone t' other day
(Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well),
An' he begged that aw 'd wed him i' May,
Bi th' mass, if he'll let me, aw will!

When he took my two honds into his,
Good Lord, heaw they trembled between!

An' aw durst n't look up in his face,
 Becose on him seein' my e'en.
 My cheek went as red as a rose;
 There 's never a mortal con tell
 Heaw happy aw felt,—for, thae knows,
 One could n't ha' axed him theirsel'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung:
 To let it eawt would n't be reet,
 For aw thought to seem forrud wur wrong;
 So aw tow'd him aw 'd tell him to-neet.
 But, Mally, thae knows very weel,
 Though it is n't a thing one should own,
 Iv aw 'd th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel',
 Aw 'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw 've tow'd thae my mind;
 What would to do iv 't wur thee?
 "Aw 'd tak him just while he 's inclined,
 An' a farrantly bargain he 'll be;
 For Jamie 's as greadly a lad
 As ever stept eawt into th' sun.
 Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed;
 An' mak th' best o' th' job when it 's done!"

Eh, dear! but it 's time to be gwon:
 Aw should n't like Jamie to wait;
 Aw connut for shame be too soon,
 An' aw would n't for th' wuld be too late.
 Aw 'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel:
 Dost think 'at my bonnet 'll do?
 "Be off, lass,—thae looks very weel;
 He wants noan o' th' bonnet, thae foo!"

EDWIN WAUGH.

Abraham Lincoln.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN PUNCH.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain,—

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter, a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work, such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,
As one who knows, where there 's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,—
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years'
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood,—
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
 Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
 When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
 To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
 Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
 Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
 Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accursed! Strokes have been struck before
 By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
 If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
 But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
 Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
 And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
 With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

TOM TAYLOR.

The Memory of the Dead.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
 Who blushes at the name?
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame?
 He 's all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slights his country thus;
 But a true man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave—
 Some sleep in Ireland, too;
 All, all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died—

All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit 's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that might can vanquish right—
They fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here 's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight!

JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

The Bivouac of the Dead.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo ;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind ;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind ;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms ;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed ;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past ;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'T was in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his belovèd land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above the mouldering slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,

Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

So, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

Lines on a Skeleton.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'T was a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void,—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear a gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod ?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed ;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,—
These feet with angel-wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

ANONYMOUS.

The Place where Man should Die.

How little recks it where men lie,
When once the moment 's past
In which the dim and glazing eye
Has looked on earth its last,—
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The coffined form shall rest,
Or in its nakedness return
Back to its mother's breast !

Death is a common friend or foe,
As different men may hold,
And at his summons each must go,
The timid and the bold ;
But when the spirit, free and warm,
Deserts it, as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form
Dissolves again to dust ?

The soldier falls 'mid corpses piled
Upon the battle-plain,
Where reinless war-steeds gallop wild
Above the mangled slain ;
But though his corse be grim to see,
Hoof-trampled on the sod,
What recks it, when the spirit free
Has soared aloft to God ?

The coward's dying eyes may close
Upon his downy bed,
And softest hands his limbs compose,
Or garments o'er them spread.
But ye who shun the bloody fray,
When fall the mangled brave,
Go—strip his coffin-lid away,
And see him in his grave!

'T were sweet, indeed, to close our eyes,
With those we cherish near,
And, wafted upwards by their sighs,
Soar to some calmer sphere.
But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRR.

A Hundred Years to Come.

WHERE, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lips, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gayly now,
Oh, where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who 'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who 'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth;

The rich and poor, on land and sea,—
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come.
But other men our lands shall till,
And others, then, our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

WILLIAM GOLDSMITH BROWN.

The Song of Steam.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight,
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze,—
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar,—

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,

As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha, ha, ha! They found me at last,
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength!
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And monsters of the briny deep
Cower trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth play;
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of a glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made.

I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,—
 I carry, I spin, I weave;
 And all my doings I put into print
 On every Saturday eve.

I 've no muscle to weary, no brains to decay,
 No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
 And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
 While I manage the world myself.
 But harness me down with your iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein,
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
 As the tempest scorns a chain.

GEORGE W. CUTTER

Why thus Longing?

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing,
 For the far-off, unattained and dim,
 While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
 Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
 All thy restless yearnings it would still;
 Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
 Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
 Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw—
 If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
 To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—
 No fond voices answer to thine own;
 If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
 By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
 Not by works that give thee world-renown,
 Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
 Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
 Every day a rich reward will give;
 Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
 And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
 When all nature hails the lord of light,
 And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
 Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
 Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
 But with fervent love if thou adorest,
 Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
 Sighing that they are not thine alone,
 Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
 And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
 Sweetly to her worshiper she sings;
 All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
 Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

Nothing to Wear.

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
 Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
 And her father assures me, each time she was there,
 That she and her friend Mrs. Harris

(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
 But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
 Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
 In one continuous round of shopping,—
 Shopping alone, and shopping together,
 At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
 For all manner of things that a woman can put
 On the crown of her head, or the soul of her foot,
 Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
 Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
 Or tied with a string, or stitched with a bow,
 In front or behind, above or below ;
 For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;
 Dresses for breakfast, and dinners, and balls ;
 Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in ;
 Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in ;
 Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;
 Dresses for Winter, Spring, Summer, and Fall ;—
 All of them different in color and shape,
 Silk, muslin, and lace, velvet, satin, and crape,
 Brocade and broadcloth, and other material,
 Quite as expensive and much more ethereal ;
 In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
 Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,
 From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sous frills ;
 In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
 While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
 They footed the streets, and he footed the bills !

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer *Argo*,
 Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,
 Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
 Sufficient to fill the largest sized chest,
 Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
 But for which the ladies themselves manifested
 Such particular interest, that they invested
 Their own proper persons in layers and rows

Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,
 Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
 Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
 Gave *good by* to the ship, and *go by* to the duties.
 Her relations at home all marveled, no doubt,
 Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
 For an actual belle and a possible bride;
 But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
 And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods beside;
 Which, in spite of Collector and Custom-House sentry,
 Had entered the port without any entry.
 And yet, though scarce three months have passed since
 the day
 This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
 This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
 The last time we met was in utter despair,
 Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
 I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
 That she 's in a state of absolute nudity,
 Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;
 But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
 When at the same moment she had on a dress
 Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
 And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
 That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
 Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
 I had just been selected as he who should throw all
 The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
 On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
 Of those fossil remains which she called her "affections,"
 And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,
 Which Miss Flora persisted in styling her "heart."
 So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,

Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures, we whispered our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know I 'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now, stop, do n't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the
week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So do n't prose to me about duty and stuff,
If we do n't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,—
For this is a kind of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckup's grand ball,—
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe,—
I considered it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound

Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
 Than usual—I found; I won't say—I caught her,
 Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
 To see if perhaps it did n't need cleaning.
 She turned as I entered,—“Why, Harry, you sinner,
 I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!”
 “So I did,” I replied, “but the dinner is swallowed,
 And digested, I trust, for 't is now nine and more,
 So being relieved from that duty, I followed
 Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door;
 And now will your ladyship so condescend
 As just to inform me if you intend
 Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend
 (All of which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
 To the Stuckups, whose party, you know, is to-morrow?”
 The fair Flora looked up, with a pitiful air,
 And answered quite promptly, “Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
 I should like above all things to go with you there,
 But really and truly—I 've nothing to wear.”
 “Nothing to wear! go just as you are;
 Wear the dress you have on, and you 'll be by far,
 I engage, the most bright and particular star
 On the Stuckup horizon—” I stopped, for her eye,
 Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
 Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
 Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
 But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose,
 (That pure Grecian feature,) as much to say,
 “How absurd that any sane man should suppose
 That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
 No matter how fine, that she wears every day!”

So I ventured again: “Wear your crimson brocade;”
 (Second turn up of nose)—“That 's too dark by a shade.”
 “Your blue silk”—“That 's too heavy.” “Your pink”—
 “That's too light.”
 “Wear tulle over satin”—“I can't endure white.”

"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch."

"I have n't a thread of point-lace to match."

"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker;"

"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguy dress-maker

Has had it a week."—"Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock;"

(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—

"I would n't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut*"—"Yes, but, dear me, that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;
That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarletan, that rich *grenadine*"—

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation,
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

"I have worn it three times, at the least calculation,
And that and most of my dresses are ripped up!"

Here I *ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"

And proved very soon the last of our session.

"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Does n't fall down and crush you,—you men have no feeling;

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
 Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,
 Your silly pretense,—why, what a mere guess it is!
 Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
 I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
 And it's perfectly plain you not only do n't care,
 But you do not believe me," (here the nose went still
 higher.)

'I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a liar.
 Our engagement is ended, sir,—yes, on the spot;
 You're a brute, and a monster, and—I do n't know what.'
 I mildly suggested the words Hottentot,
 Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
 As gentle expletives which might give relief;
 But this only proved as a spark to the powder,
 And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
 It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
 Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
 To express the abusive, and then its arrears
 Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
 And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
 ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.
 Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
 Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
 In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
 Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
 Then, without going through the form of a bow,
 Found myself in the entry, I hardly knew how,
 On door-step and side-walk, past lamp-post and square,
 At home and up-stairs, in my own easy-chair;

Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
 And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,

'Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar

Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
 On the whole do you think he would have much to spare,
 If he married a woman with nothing to wear?"

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited

Abroad in society, I 've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
 But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
 From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."

Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few:
In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without anything new
In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the lurch,
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.
In another large mansion, near the same place,
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point-lace.
In a neighboring block there was found, in three calls,
Total want, long continued, of camel's-hair shawls;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer *Pacific*,
In which were engulfed, not friend or relation,
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,
Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation,)
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,
And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic

That she 's quite a recluse, and almost a skeptic,
 For she touchingly says, that this sort of grief
 Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,
 And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
 For the victims of such overwhelming despair.
 But the saddest, by far, of all these sad features,
 Is the cruelty practiced upon the poor creatures
 By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,
 Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds
 By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for days
 Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets,
 Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,
 And deride their demands as useless extravagance;
 One case of a bride was brought to my view,
 Too sad for belief, but, alas! 't was too true,
 Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
 To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.
 The consequence was, that when she got there,
 At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear,
 And when she proposed to finish the season
 At Newport, the monster refused, out and out,
 For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,
 Except that the waters were good for his gout;
 Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
 And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
 From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,
 Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
 Of every benevolent heart in the city,
 And spur up Humanity into a canter
 To rush and relieve these sad cases instant.
 Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
 Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?
 Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
 So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
 Take charge of the matter? Or won't Peter Cooper

The corner-stone lay of some new splendid super-
 Structure, like that which to-day links his name
 In the Union unending of Honor and Fame,
 And found a new charity just for the care
 Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,
 Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,
 The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named?
 Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods importers,
 Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?
 Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,
 And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,
 Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,
 Won't some one discover a new California?

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
 Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
 From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
 And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
 To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
 Their children have gathered, their city have built;
 Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
 Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
 Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
 Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
 Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
 To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
 Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold;
 See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
 All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
 Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
 From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
 Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
 As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;
 Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare,—
 Spoiled children of fashion,—you 've nothing to wear!

And O, if perchance there should be a sphere
 Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,

Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of Time
 Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
 Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
 Unscreened by its trappings and shows and pretense,
 Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
 With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love,
 O daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware!
 Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER

Antony and Cleopatra.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
 And the dark Plutonian shadows
 Gather on the evening blast;
 Let thine arms, O Queen, infold me;
 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
 Listen to the great heart-secrets,
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
 Bear their eagles high no more,
 And my wrecked and scattered galleys
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
 Though no glittering guards surround me,
 Prompt to do their master's will,
 I must perish like a Roman,
 Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
 Mock the lion thus laid low;
 'T was no foeman's arm that felled him—
 'T was his own that struck the blow,—
 His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
 Turned aside from glory's ray—
 His who, drunk with thy caresses,
 Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
 Dare assail my name at Rome,
 Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
 Weeps within her widowed home,
 Seek her; say the gods bear witness—
 Altars, augurs, circling wings—
 That her blood, with mine commingled,
 Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
 Light the path to Stygian horrors
 With the splendors of thy smile.
 Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
 Let his brow the laurel twine;
 I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
 Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.
 They are coming! quick, my falchion!
 Let me front them ere I die.
 Ah! no more amid the battle
 Shall my heart exulting swell—
 Isis and Osiris guard thee!
 Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

The Nautilus and the Ammonite.

THE nautilus and the ammonite
 Were launched in friendly strife,
 Each sent to float in its tiny boat
 On the wild, wide sea of life.

For each could swim on the ocean's brim,
 And, when wearied, its sail could furl,

And sink to sleep in the great sea-deep,
In its palace all of pearl.

And theirs was a bliss more fair than this
Which we taste in our colder time;
For they were rife in a tropic life—
A brighter and better clime.

They swam 'mid isles whose summer smiles
Were dimmed by no alloy;
Whose groves were palm, whose air was balm,
Where life was only joy.

They sailed all day through creek and bay,
And traversed the ocean deep;
And at night they sank on a coral bank,
In its fairy bowers to sleep.

And the monsters vast of ages past
They beheld in their ocean caves;
They saw them ride in their power and pride,
And sink in their deep-sea graves.

And hand in hand, from strand to strand,
They sailed in mirth and glee;
These fairy shells, with their crystal cells,
Twin sisters of the sea.

But they came at last to a sea long past,
And as they reached its shore,
The Almighty's breath spoke out in death,
And the ammonite was no more.

So the nautilus now in its shelly prow,
As over the deep it strays,
Still seems to seek, in bay and creek,
Its companion of other days.

And alike do we, on life's stormy sea,
 As we roam from shore to shore,
 Thus tempest-tossed, seek the loved, the lost,
 And find them on earth no more.

Yet the hope how sweet, again to meet,
 As we look to a distant strand,
 Where heart meets heart, and no more they part
 Who meet in that better land.

G. F. RICHARDSON.

Carmen Bellicosum.

In their ragged regimentals
 Stood the old Continentals,
 Yielding not,
 When the grenadiers were lunging,
 And like hail fell the plunging
 Cannon-shot;
 When the files
 Of the isles, [rampant
 From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the
 Unicorn, [drummer,
 And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll of the
 Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
 And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our sires;
 And the balls whistled deadly,
 And in streams flashing redly
 Blazed the fires;
 As the roar
 On the shore,
 Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
 Of the plain;
 And louder, louder, louder cracked the black gunpowder,
 Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
 Worked the red St. George's
 Cannoneers;
 And the "villainous saltpetre"
 Rung a fierce, discordant metre
 Round their ears;
 As the swift
 Storm-drift,
 With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guard's clangor
 On our flanks.
 Ther: higher, higher, higher burned the old-fashioned fire
 Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel
 Galloped through the white infernal
 Powder-cloud;
 And his broadsword was swinging,
 And his brazen throat was ringing
 Trumpet loud.
 Then the blue
 Bullets flew,
 And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
 Rifle-breath;
 And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron six-pounder
 Hurling death!
 GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER.

Doris.

I SAT with Doris, the shepherd maiden;
 Her crook was laden with wreathèd flowers.
 I sat and wooed her through sunlight wheeling,
 And shadows stealing for hours and hours.

And she my Doris, whose lap incloses
 Wild summer roses of faint perfume,
 The while I sued her, kept hushed and hearkened
 Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger;
She said, "We linger, we must not stay;
My flock 's in danger, my sheep will wander;
Behold them yonder, how far they stray!"

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,
And still be near you, and still adore!
No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling—
Ah! stay my darling a moment more!"

She whispered sighing, "There will be sorrow
Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day;
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded—
I shall be scolded and sent away!"

Said I replying, "If they do miss you,
They ought to kiss you when you get home;
And well rewarded by friend and neighbor
Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered meekly,
"That lambs are weakly and sheep are wild;
But if they love me it 's none so fervent—
I am a servant and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me,
And love did win me to swift reply:
"Ah! do but prove me, and none shall bind you,
Nor fray nor find you until I die!"

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting,
As if debating in dreams divine;
But I did brave them --I told her plainly,
She doubted vainly, she must be mine.

So we twin-hearted, from all the valley
Did rouse and rally her nibbling ewes;
And homeward drove them, we two together,
Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty such grace did lend her,
My Doris tender, my Doris true,
That I her warder did always bless her,
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling
With love excelling, and undefiled;
And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

ARTHUR MUNBY.

The Exile to his Wife.

COME to me, darling, I 'm lonely without thee;
Day-time and night-time I 'm dreaming about thee;
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten;
Come in thy beauty, to bless and to brighten;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly;
Come in thy loveliness, queenly and holy.

Swallows shall flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing;
As thoughts of thy love and its manifest treasure
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
O Spring of my heart! O May of my bosom!
Shine out on my soul till it bourgeon and blossom.
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure which moves like a song through the even,
Features lit up with a reflex of heaven,
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where sunshine and shadow are chasing each other;
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple;
And opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple;
O, thanks to the Saviour that even the seeming
Is left to the exile, to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love;
I cannot smile but your cheeks will be glowing;
You cannot weep but my tears will be flowing;
You will not linger when I shall have died, love;
I could not live without you at my side, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow;
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Come swift and strong as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love;
Come, for my heart in your absence is dreary;
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary;
Come to the arms which alone shall caress thee;
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee.

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

Rock me to Sleep.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
 Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
 Many a summer the grass has grown green,
 Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
 Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
 Long I to-night for your presence again;
 Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
 No love like mother-love ever has shone;
 No other worship abides and endures,
 Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
 None like a mother can charm away pain
 From the sick soul and the world-weary brain:
 Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
 Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
 Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
 Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
 For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
 Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
 Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
 Since I last listened your lullaby song;
 Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
 Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
 Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
 With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

Only a Baby Small.

ONLY a baby small,
Dropt from the skies,
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with nought.

Only a tender flower
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
While we are here;
Only a baby small,
Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best.

MATTHIAS BARR.

The Jolly Old Pedagogue.

'T WAS a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow, and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow;
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye,

And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below ;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history too,
Taking the little ones on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the smallest child he knew :
"Learn while you 're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy down here below ;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With stupidest boys, he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones ;
The rod was scarcely known in his school ;
Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones ;
"Besides, it was painful,"—he sometimes said,
"We should make life pleasant here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door ;
His rooms were quiet and neat and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.
"I need so little," he often said,
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the most pleasant times that he had, of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,

With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,

Over a pipe and a friendly glass;—
"This was the sweetest pleasure," he said,
"Of the many I share in here below;
Who has no cronies, had better be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

The jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;—
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles;—
"I 'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I 've lingered a long while here below,
But my heart is fresh, if my youth be fled!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And feeling the kisses, he smiled and said,
"'T is a glorious world down here below;
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered "Rest!
Gently, gently he bowed his head,—
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

Ode on the Centenary of Burns.

WE hail this morn
 A century's noblest birth;
 A Poet peasant-born,
 Who more of Fame's immortal dower
 Unto his country brings
 Than all her kings!

As lamps high set
 Upon some earthly eminence;
 And to the gazer brighter thence
 Than the sphere lights they flout—
 Dwindle in distance and die out,
 While no star waneth yet;
 So through the past's far-reaching night
 Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy,
 With moods of sadness and of mirth,
 Quick tears and sudden joy,
 Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
 His father's toil he shares;
 But half his mother's cares
 From his dark, searching eyes,
 Too swift to sympathize,
 Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn
 His father calls him to the field;
 Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
 Chill rain, and harvest heat,
 He plods all day; returns at eve outworn,
 To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield—
 To what else was he born?

The God-made king
 Of every living thing;
 20

(For his great heart in love could hold them all);
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall—
 Gifted to understand!—
 Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous cetaure had not fled
 Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had blessed and sheltered

 To Nature's feast,
 Who knew her noblest guest
 And entertained him best,
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
 She draped with crimson and with gold,
 And poured her pure joy wines
 For him the poet-souled;
 For him her anthem rolled
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
 Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A king must leave the feast and lead the fight;
 And with its mortal foes,
Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins,
 Each human soul must close;
 And Fame her trumpet blew
Before him, wrapped him in her purple state,
And made him mark for all the shafts of Fate
 That henceforth round him flew.

 Though he may yield,
Hard-pressed, and wounded fall
 Forsaken on the field;
 His regal vestments soiled;
 His crown of half its jewels spoiled;
 He is a king for all.

Had he but stood aloof!
 Had he arrayed himself in armor proof
 Against temptation's darts!
 So yearn the good—so those the world calls wise,
 With vain, presumptuous hearts,
 Triumphant moralize.

Of martyr-woe
 A sacred shadow on his memory rests—
 Tears have not ceased to flow—
 Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
 To think—above that noble soul brought low,
 That wise and soaring spirit fooled, enslaved—
 Thus, thus he had been saved!

It might not be!
 That heart of harmony
 Had been too rudely rent;
 Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,
 By no hand could be tuned,
 Save by the Maker of the instrument,
 Its every string who knew,
 And from profaning touch his heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love
 His country fain would prove,
 By grateful honors lavished on his grave;
 Would fain redeem her blame
 That he so little at her hands can claim,
 Who unrewarded gave
 To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod
 Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;
 Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
 That could his song engage.
 The hoary hawthorn, wreathed
 Above the bank on which his limbs he flung

While some sweet plaint he breathed;
 The streams he wandered near;
 The maidens whom he loved; the songs he sung—
 All, all are dear!

The arch blue eyes—
 Arch but for love's disguise—
 Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his strain;
 Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main
 To drive the plowshare through earth's virgin soils,
 Lighten with it their toils:
 And sister-lands have learned to love the tongue
 In which such songs are sung.

For doth not song
 To the whole world belong?
 Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
 Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
 Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
 A heritage to all?

ISA CRAIG KNOX.

Over the Riber.

OVER the river they beckon to me—
 Loved ones who 've passed to the further side;
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
 There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
 He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
 We saw not the angels who met him there,
 The gates of the city we could not see—
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark,
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be—
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye,
We may not sunder the vail apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea—
Yet, somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

NANCY PRIEST WAKEFIELD.

The Old Sergeant.

"COME a little nearer, Doctor,—thank you!—let me take the cup:

Draw your chair up,—draw it closer,—just another little sup!

May be you may think I 'm better; but I 'm pretty well used up,—

Doctor, you 've done all you could do, but I 'm just a going up!

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain't much use to try"—

"Never say that," said the Surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh;

"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!"

"What you *say* will make no difference, Doctor, when you come to die.

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were very faint, they say;

You must try to get to sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away?"

"Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor—Doctor, please to stay!

There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and I 'm ready now to go; Doctor, did you say I fainted?—but it could n't ha' been so,—

For as sure as I 'm a Sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,

I 've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh!

"This is all that I remember: The last time the Lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name:
'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!'—just that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,
Knew it could n't be the Lighter,—he could not have spoken so;
And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I could n't make it go;
For I could n't move a muscle, and I could n't make it go!

"Then I thought: It 's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore;
Just another foolish *grape-vine**—and it won't come any more;
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:
'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!' even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the River, where we stood that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,
And I heard a Bugle sounding, as from some celestial Tower;

*Canard.

And the same mysterious voice said: 'IT IS THE ELEVENTH
HOUR!

ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON—IT IS THE ELEVENTH
HOUR!'

'Doctor Austin!—what *day* is this?" "It is Wednesday
night, you know."

"Yes,—to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good
time below!

What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly Twelve." "Then
do n't you go!

Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour ago!

"There was where the gun-boats opened on the dark, reb-
bellious host;

And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the
coast;

There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else
their ghost,—

And the same old transport came and took me over—or its
ghost!

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss,—there McClernand
met the tide;

There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurl-
but's heroes died,—

Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept
charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of
the canny kin,

There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rous-
seau waded in;

There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began 'to
win—

There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we be-
gan to win.

"Now, a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead,—
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"Death and silence!—Death and silence! all around me as I sped!
And behold, a mighty Tower, as if builded to the dead,—
To the Heaven of the heavens, lifted up its mighty head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all seemed waving from its head!

"Round and mighty-based it towered—up into the infinite—
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding stair of light,
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

"And, behold, as I approached it—with a rapt and dazzled stare,—
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great Stair,—
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of—'Halt, and who goes there!'
'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.'—'Then advance, sir, to the Stair!'

"I advanced!—That sentry, Doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne!—
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line:
20*

'Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that countersign!'

And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine!

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only of the grave;

But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive:

'That's the way, sir, to Head-quarters.'—'What Head-quarters?'—'Of the Brave.'

'But the great Tower?'—'That,' he answered, 'Is the way, sir, of the Brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light;
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and bright;

'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the New Uniform to-night,—

Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night!'

'And the next thing I remember, you were sitting there, and I—

Doctor—did you hear a footstep? Hark!—God bless you all! Good-by!

Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,

To my Son—my Son that's coming,—he won't get here till I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did before,—
And to carry that old musket"—Hark! a knock is at the door!—

"Till the Union"—See! it opens!—"Father! Father! speak once more!"

Bless you!"—gaspd the old gray Sergeant, and he lay and said no more.

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

Too Late.

" Ah! si la jeunesse savait,—si la vieillesse pouvait! "

THERE sat an old man on a rock,
 And unceasing bewailed him of Fate,—
 That concern where we all must take stock,
 Though our vote has no hearing or weight;
 And the old man sang him an old, old song,—
 Never sang voice so clear and strong
 That it could drown the old man's for long,
 For he sang the song " Too late! too late! "

When we want, we have for our pains
 The promise that if we but wait
 Till the want has burned out of our brains,
 Every means shall be present to state;
 While we send for the napkin the soup gets cold,
 While the bonnet is trimming the face grows old,
 When we 've matched our buttons the pattern is sold,
 And everything comes too late,—too late!

" When strawberries seemed like red heavens,—
 Terrapin stew a wild dream,—
 When my brain was at sixes and sevens,
 If my mother had ' folks ' and ice cream,
 Then I gazed with a lickerish hunger
 At the restaurant man and fruit-monger,—
 But oh! how I wished I were younger
 When the goodies all came in a stream! in a stream!

" I 've a splendid blood horse, and—a liver
 That it jars into torture to trot;
 My row-boat 's the gem of the river,—
 Gout makes every knuckle a knot!
 I can buy boundless credits on Paris and Rome,
 But no palate for *ménus*,—no eyes for a dome,—
Those belonged to the youth who must tarry at home,
 When no home but an attic he 'd got,— he 'd got!

"How I longed, in that lonest of garrets,
 Where the tiles baked my brains all July,
 For ground to grow two pecks of carrots,
 Two pigs of my own in a sty,
 A rosebush,—a little thatched cottage,—
 Two spoons—love—a basin of pottage!—
 Now in freestone I sit,—and my dotage,—
 With a woman's chair empty close by, close by!

"Ah! now, though I sit on a rock,
 I have shared one seat with the great;
 I have sat—knowing naught of the clock—
 On love's high throne of state;
 But the lips that kissed, and the arms that caressed,
 To a mouth grown stern with delay were pressed,
 And circled a breast that their clasp had blessed,
 Had they only not come too late,—too late!"

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

What the End shall be.

WHEN another life is added
 To the heaving, turbid mass;
 When another breath of being
 Stains creation's tarnished glass;
 When the first cry, weak and piteous,
 Heralds long-enduring pain,
 And a soul from non-existence
 Springs, that ne'er can die again;
 When the mother's passionate welcome,
 Sorrow-like, bursts forth in tears,
 And a sire's self-gratulation
 Prophecies of future years.—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

When across the infant features
 Trembles the faint dawn of mind,

And the heart looks from the windows
Of the eyes that were so blind;
When the inarticulate murmurs
Syllable each swaddled thought,
To the fond ear of affection
With a boundless promise fraught;
Kindling great hopes for to-morrow
From that dull, uncertain ray,
As by glimmering of the twilight
Is foreshown the perfect day,—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the boy, upon the threshold
Of his all-comprising home,
Puts aside the arm maternal
That enlocks him ere he roam;
When the canvas of his vessel
Flutters to the favoring gale,
Years of solitary exile
Hid behind the sunny sail:
When his pulses beat with ardor,
And his sinews stretch for toil,
And a hundred bold emprises
Lure him to that eastern soil,—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the youth beside the maiden
Looks into her credulous eyes,
And the heart upon the surface
Shines too happy to be wise;
He by speeches less than gestures
Hinteth what her hopes expound,
Laying out the waste hereafter
Like enchanted garden-ground;
He may falter—so do many;
She may suffer so must all:

Both may yet, world-disappointed,
 This lost hour of love recall,—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

When the altar of religion
 Greets the expectant bridal pair,
 And the vow that lasts till dying
 Vibrates on the sacred air;
 When man's lavish protestations
 Doubts of after-change defy,
 Comforting the frailer spirit
 Bound his servitor for aye;
 When beneath love's silver moonbeams
 Many rocks in shadow sleep,
 Undiscovered, till possession
 Shows the danger of the deep,—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

Whatsoever is beginning,
 That is wrought by human skill;
 Every daring emanation
 Of the mind's ambitious will;
 Every first impulse of passion,
 Gush of love or twinge of hate;
 Every launch upon the waters
 Wide-horizoned by our fate;
 Every venture in the chances
 Of life's sad, oft desperate game,
 Whatsoever be our motive,
 Whatsoever be our aim,—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

FRANCES BROWNE. (?)

The Two Worlds.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,
Whose magic joys we shall not see again;
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.
Ah, truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air—
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of
Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath
Whose love has yielded since to change or death;
The mother kissed her child, whose days are o'er.
Alas! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead:
We see them—visions strange—amid the
Nevermore.

The merry maiden used to sing—
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay-cold: to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long faded land—the realm of
Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly may we remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor.
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tenderer hearts and truer
People that happy land—the realm of
Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
We pilgrims of eternal sorrow stand:
What realm lies forward, with its happier store

Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful ? 'T is the land of
Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—
Its woods, unruffled by the wild wind's roar ;
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment—and we breathe within the
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal wo—
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carolings
soar.
Eternal peace have they ;
God wipes their tears away :
They drink that river of life which flows from
Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But, lo, the wide wings of the Seraphim
Shine in the sunset ! On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago :
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for
Evermore.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

Rain on the Roof.

WHEN the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,

What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their air-threads into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used long years ago,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn:
O! I see her leaning o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her star-eyed cherub brother—
A serene angelic pair!—
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes, to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue;
And I mind not, musing on her,
That her heart was all untrue:
I remember but to love her
With a passion kin to pain,

And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence
That can work with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains,
Whence the tears of rapture well,
As that melody of nature,
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

COATES KINNEY.

Willie Winkie.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up-stairs and doon-stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa' asleep.

Ony thing but sleep, ye rogue! glow'rin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin' tumblin' roun' about, crowin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin' folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a body's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums,—
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he'll close an ee,
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

The Old Canoe.

WHERE the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep,
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide,
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank,
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,—
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm had lopped,
And crossed on the railing one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turning anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
 I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
 And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
 Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
 And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
 And looked below in the broken tide,
 To see that the faces and boats were two,
 That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
 And look below in the sluggish tide,
 The face that I see there is graver grown,
 And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
 And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
 Have grown familiar with sterner things.
 But I love to think of the hours that sped
 As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
 Ere the blossoms waved, or the green grass grew
 O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

EMILY REBECCA PAGE.

Only Waiting.

A very old man in an alms-house was asked what he was doing now
 He replied, "Only waiting."

ONLY waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown ;
 Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown ;
 Till the night of earth is faded
 From the heart once full of day ;
 Till the stars of heaven are breaking
 Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
 Have the last sheaf gathered home ;

For the summer-time is faded,
 And the autumn winds have come.
 Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
 The last ripe hours of my heart,
 For the bloom of life is withered,
 And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
 Open wide the mystic gate,
 At whose feet I long have lingered,
 Weary, poor, and desolate.
 Even now I hear the footsteps,
 And their voices far away;
 If they call me, I am waiting,
 Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown;
 Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown;
 Then from out the gathered darkness,
 Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
 By whose light my soul shall gladly
 Tread its pathway to the skies.

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

The Burial of Moses.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." DEUT xxxiv : 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab,
 There lies a lonely grave;
 But no man dug that sepulchre,
 And no man saw it e'er,

For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As *he* wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave,—

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again,—O wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment day;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!

Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath his mysteries of grace,—
 Ways that we cannot tell;
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
 Of him he loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

Milton's Prayer of Patience.

I AM old and blind!
 Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
 Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
 Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong:
 I murmur not that I no longer see;
 Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
 Father Supreme, to Thee.

O merciful One!
 When men are farthest, then art Thou most near;
 When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
 Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
 Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
 Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,—
 And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
 I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;
 My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
 Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
 This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
 Beneath it I am almost sacred,—here
 Can come no evil thing.

Oh, I seem to stand
 Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
 Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless hand
 Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,—
 Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
 From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
 Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,—
 When Heaven is ripening on my sightless eyes,
 When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
 That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
 My being fills with rapture,—waves of thought
 Roll in upon my spirit,—strains sublime
 Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
 I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
 Lit by no skill of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL.

Curfew Must not Ring To-night.

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
 Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad
 day;
 And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden
 fair,
 He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny,
 floating hair;
 He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so
 cold and white,
 Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not
 ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison
old,

With its walls so dark and gloomy,—walls so dark, and
damp, and cold,—

"I 've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew
strangely white,

As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring
to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her
young heart

Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned
dart;

'Long, long years I 've rung the Curfew from that gloomy
shadowed tower;

Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I 'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-
night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her
thoughtful brow,

And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn
vow;

She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or
sigh,

"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood *must die*."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew
large and bright—

One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew *must not* ring
to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old
church door,

Left the old man coming slowly, paths he 'd trod so oft be-
fore;

Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and
 brow aglow,
 Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to
 and fro :
 Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray
 of light,
 Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew shall not ring
 to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the
 great dark bell,
 And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down
 to hell;
 See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 't is the hour of
 Curfew now—
 And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath
 and paled her brow.
 Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sud-
 den light,
 As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not
 ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck be-
 low;
 There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell
 swung to and fro ;
 And the half-deaf Saxon ringing (years he had not heard
 the bell,)
 And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's
 funeral knell;
 Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale
 and white,
 Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew shall
 not ring to-night."

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden
 stepped once more
 Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years
 before

Human foot had not been planted; and what she this
 night had done,
Should be told in long years after—as the rays of setting
 sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads
 of white,
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one
 sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him,
 and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden
 beauty now;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised
 and torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad
 and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with
 misty light;
“Go, your lover lives!” cried Cromwell; “Curfew shall
 not ring to-night.”

ROSA HARTWICK THORPE.

Rebely in India.

WE meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
 And the walls around are bare;
As they echo the peals of laughter
 It seems that the dead are there;
But stand to your glasses steady,
 We drink to our comrades' eyes;
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
 And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets flowing,
 Not here is the vintage sweet;
'T is cold, as our hearts are growing,
 And dark as the doom we meet.

But stand to your glasses steady,
 And soon shall our pulses rise;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
 Not a tear for the friends that sink;
 We 'll fall, 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
 As mute as the wine we drink.
 So stand to your glasses steady,
 'T is in this that our respite lies;
 One cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others,
 We thought we were wiser then;
 Ha! ha! let those think of their mothers,
 Who hope to see them again.
 No! stand to your glasses steady,
 The thoughtless are here the wise;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

There 's many a hand that 's shaking,
 There 's many a cheek that 's sunk;
 But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
 They 'll burn with the wine we 've drunk.
 So stand to your glasses steady,
 'T is here the revival lies;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

There 's a mist on the glass congealing,
 'T is the hurricane's fiery breath;
 And thus does the warmth of feeling
 Turn ice in the grasp of death.
 Ho! stand to your glasses steady;
 For a moment the vapor flies;

A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sing no more?
Ho! stand to your glasses steady;
This world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind—
Stand, stand to your glasses steady!
'T is all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies!
BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

The Rising of the Moon.

"O, THEN tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
Tell me why you hurry so."
"Hush, ma bouchal, hush and listen,"—
And his cheeks were all aglow.
"I bear ordhers from the captain,
Get you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together
At the risin' of the moon."

"O, then tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
Where the gatherin' is to be."
"In the ould spot by the river,
Right well known to you and me.

One word more—for signal token
Whistle up the marchin' tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder,
By the risin' of the moon."

Out from many a mud-wall cabin
Eyes were watching through that night;
Many a manly chest was throbbing
For the blessed warning light.
Murmurs passed along the valleys,
Like the banshee's lonely croon,
And a thousand blades were flashing,
At the rising of the moon.

There beside the singing river
That dark mass of men was seen;
Far above the shining weapons
Hung their own beloved green.
"Death to every foe and traitor!
Forward! strike the marchin' tune,
And hurrah, my boys, for freedom!—
'T is the risin' of the moon."

Well they fought for poor old Ireland,
And full bitter was their fate.
O, what glorious pride and sorrow
Fill the name of Ninety-Eight!
Yet, thank God! e'en still are beating
Hearts in manhood's burning noon,
Who would follow in their footsteps
At the risin' of the moon.

JOHN K. CASEY.

My Maryland.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, My Maryland!

Hark to a wandering son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother state, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Come, 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Dear mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain;
"Sic semper!" 't is the proud refrain,

That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland, My Maryland!

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!

Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!

Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And give a new key to thy song,
Maryland, My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!

But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek;
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!

Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!

The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum;
She breathes, she burns—she 'll come! she 'll come.
Maryland, My Maryland!

JAMES R. RANDALL.

Civil War.

- "RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"
- "Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,
There 's music around when my barrel 's in tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.
- "Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood;
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"
- "Oh captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.
- "But I snatched off the trinket,—this locket of gold;
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."
- "Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!—'t is she,
My brother's young bride,—and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband—Hush! soldier, 't was Heaven's decree,
We must bury him there, by the light of the moon!
- "But, hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue, weakness a sin;
There 's a lurking and loping around us to-night;—
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!"

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY (?)

The Picket Guard.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'T is nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There 's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ah! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

The Countersign.

ALAS! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded whippoorwill.
I scarce can see a yard ahead;
My ears are strained to catch each sound;
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the spring's bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rags mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman's form, with bending back;
I think I see him crouching low—
I stop and list—I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until my eyes, familiar grown,

Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerillas into stone;
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think of other times than these.

"Halt! who goes there?" my challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line;
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply—
"Advance, and give the countersign!"
With bayonet at the charge I wait—
The corporal gives the mystic spell;
With arms apart I charge my mate,
Then onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night awake,
I ask, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make,
When the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
Where'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain,
I still may have the countersign.

ANONYMOUS.

Sherman's March to the Sea.

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out of the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready!
For Sherman will march to the sea!"

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys! forward to battle!
We marched on our wearisome way,
We stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standard
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor-flag falls;
We paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Oh, proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
But to-day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we the song of our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea

SAMUEL H. M. BYERS.

Driving Home the Cows.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go;
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp

Across the clover and through the wheat
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;

But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

Popping Corn.

AND there they sat, a-popping corn,
John Styles and Susan Cutter—
John Styles as fat as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of corn,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,

Till both their faces grew as red
As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped, and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking,
While he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate—
John's mouth was like a hopper—
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine—the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve,
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—
The corn did pop and patter—
Till John cried out, "The corn 's a-fire!
Why, Susan, what 's the matter?"

Said she, "John Styles, it 's one o'clock;
You 'll die of indigestion;
I 'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

ANONYMOUS.

The Twins.

IN form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached a fearful pitch;

For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed ;
And thus, you see, by fate's decree,
Or rather nurse's whim,
My brother John got christened me,
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness ever dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged,
When John turned out a fool.
I put this question, fruitlessly,
To every one I knew,
"What would you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were you."

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For somehow, my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on,
And when I died, the neighbors came
And buried brother John.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

A Little Goose.

THE chill November day was done,
The working world home faring ;
The wind came roaring through the streets
And set the gas-lights flaring ;

And hopelessly and aimlessly
The scared old leaves were flying;
When, mingled with the sighing wind,
I heard a small voice crying.

And shivering on the corner stood
A child of four, or over;
No cloak or hat her small, soft arms,
And wind blown curls to cover.
Her dimpled face was stained with tears;
Her round blue eyes ran over;
She cherished in her wee, cold hand,
A bunch of faded clover.

And one hand round her treasure while
She slipped in mine the other:
Half scared, half confidential, said,
"Oh! please, I want my mother!"
"Tell me your street and number, pet:
Do n't cry, I'll take you to it."
Sobbing she answered, "I forget:
The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Milly's steps,
The monkey took the money;
And so I followed down the street,
The monkey was so funny.
I've walked about a hundred hours,
From one street to another:
The monkey's gone, I've spoiled my flowers,
Oh! please, I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name? and what
The street? Now think a minute."
"My mother's name is mamma dear—
The street—I can't begin it."
"But what is strange about the house,
Or new—not like the others?"

"I guess you mean my trundle-bed,
Mine and my little brother's.

"Oh dear! I ought to be at home
To help him say his prayers,—
He 's such a baby he forgets;
And we are both such players;—
And there 's a bar to keep us both
From pitching on each other,
For Harry rolls when he 's asleep:
Oh dear! I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy; people passed
All muffled, homeward faring:
You 'll have to spend the night with me,"
I said at last, despairing.
I tied a kerchief round her neck—
"What ribbon 's this, my blossom?"
"Why do n't you know?" she smiling, said,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name;
My eyes astonished met it;
"For," said the little one, "you see
I might sometimes forget it:
And so I wear a little thing
That tells you all about it;
For mother says she 's very sure
I should get lost without it."

ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.

Tired Mothers.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.

Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,—
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,—
This restless curling head from off your breast,—
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber-floor,—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more,—

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;

My singing birdling from its nest is flown,—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

MAY RILEY SMITH.

The Children.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed:
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of Sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh! there 's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes,
Those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!

And I know, now, how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is the dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door;
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says "the school is dismissed,"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow;

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

Song.—If I had Thought.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
 I might not weep for thee ;
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be.
 It never through my mind had passed,
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou wouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 't will smile again ;
 And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain.
 But when I speak, thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary, thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
 All cold and all serene,
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been.
 While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own ;
 But there I lay thee in thy grave,
 And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;

And I perhaps may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee ;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

CHARLES WOLFE.

Song.—Go, Forget Me.

Go, forget me! Why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me, and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee.
Sing—though I shall never hear thee.
May thy soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the Sun, thy presence glowing
Clothes the meanest things in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things looked so bright about thee,
That they nothing seem without thee;
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things are too refined.

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming—
Hope and Beauty, fare ye well!
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted:
Glory's burning, generous swell,
Fancy, and the poet's shell.

CHARLES WOLFE.

The First Miracle.

Lympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.

The modest water saw its God, and blushed.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

A Jabanese Poem.

I do not know where I shall die.

I saw the great sea on the south coast, when I was there
with my father making salt.

If I die at sea, and my body is thrown into the deep
water, then sharks will come:

They will swim round my corpse, and ask,

"Which of us shall devour the body that goes down into the
water?"

I shall not hear it.

I do not know where I shall die.

I saw in a blaze the house of Pa-Ausoë,

Which he himself had set on fire because he was *mata-
glap*.

If I die in a burning house, glowing embers will fall on my
corpse,

And outside the house there will be many cries of men
throwing water on the fire to kill it.

I shall not hear it.

I do not know where I shall die.

I saw the little Si-Oenah fall out of a klappa tree, when
he plucked the klappa for his mother.

If I fall out of a klappa tree, I shall lie dead below in the
shrubs, like Si-Oenah.

Then my mother will not weep, for she is dead.

But others will say with a loud voice, "See, there lies
Saidjah!"

I shall not hear it.

I do not know where I shall die.
 I have seen the corpse of Pa-Lisoë, who died of old age,
 for his hairs were white.
 If I die of old age, with white hairs, hired women will
 stand weeping near my corpse,
 And they will make lamentations, as did the mourners
 over Pa-Lisoë's corpse;
 And the grandchildren will weep very loud.
 I shall not hear it.

I do not know where I shall die.
 I have seen at Badoer many that were dead.
 They were dressed in white shrouds, and were buried in
 the earth.
 If I die at Badoer, and am buried beyond the village, east-
 ward against the hill where the grass is high,
 Then will Adinda pass by there, and the border of her
 sarong will sweep softly along the grass.
 I shall hear it.

EDUARD DOUWES DEKKER.

Translated by Baron ALPHONSE NAHUY.

A Yukon Cradle-Song.

THE wind blows over the Yukon.
 My husband hunts the deer on the Koyukun mountains.
 Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one.

There is no wood for the fire.
 The stone axe is broken, my husband carries the other.
 Where is the sun-warmth? Hid in the dam of the beaver,
 waiting the spring-time.
 Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, wake not.

Look not for ukali, old woman.
 Long since the cache was emptied, and the crow does not
 light on the ridge-pole.

Long since my husband departed. Why does he wait in
the mountains?

Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, softly.

Where is my own?

Does he lie starving on the hillside? Why does he linger?

Comes he not soon, I will seek him among the mountains.

Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, sleep.

The crow has come, laughing.

His beak is red, his eyes glisten, the false one!

"Thanks for a good meal to Kuskokala the shaman.

On the sharp mountain quietly lies your husband."

Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, wake not.

"Twenty deers' tongues tied to the pack on his shoulders;

Not a tongue in his mouth to call to his wife with.

Wolves, foxes, and ravens are tearing and fighting for morsels.

Tough and hard are the sinews; not so the child in your
bosom."

Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, wake not.

Over the mountain slowly staggers the hunter.

Two bucks' thighs on his shoulders, with bladders of fat
between them.

Twenty deers' tongues in his belt. Go, gather wood, old
woman!

Off flew the crow—liar, cheat, and deceiver!

Wake, little sleeper, wake, and call to your father.

He brings you buckfat, marrow, and venison fresh from
the mountain.

Tired and worn, he has carved a toy of the deer's horn,

While he was sitting and waiting long for the deer on the
hillside.

Wake, and see the crow, hiding himself from the arrow!

Wake, little one, wake, for here is your father.

Translated by W. H. DALL.

The Passage.

MANY a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then, in this same boat, beside,
Sat two comrades, old and tried;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

LUDWIG UHLAND.

Translated by SARAH AUSTIN.

Ann Hathaway.

WOULD ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,

To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to mine Ann Hathaway!
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might wondering stop to hear.
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Ann hath a way;
 She hath a way,
 Ann Hathaway;
To breathe delight, Ann hath a way.

When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To soothe the heart, Ann hath a way.
She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day,
Thou know'st, fond heart, Ann hath a way,
 She hath a way,
 Ann Hathaway;
To make grief bliss, Ann hath a way.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay,
Talk of my gem, Ann Hathaway.
She hath a way, with her bright eye,
Their various lustre to defy,—
The jewels she, and the foil they,
So sweet to look Ann Hathaway,
 She hath a way,
 Ann Hathaway;
To shame bright gems, Ann hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given,
To rate her charms, I 'd call them heaven;
For though a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Ann Hathaway;

She hath a way so to control,
 To rapture the imprisoned soul,
 And sweetest heaven on earth display,
 That to be heaven Ann hath a way ;
 She hath a way,
 Ann Hathaway ;
 To be heaven's self, Ann hath a way.

Attributed to SHAKESPEARE.

On Parting with his Books.

As one who, destined from his friends to part,
 Regrets his loss, but hopes again, erewhile,
 To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
 And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart,—
 Thus, loved associates! chiefs of elder art!
 Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
 My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
 I now resign you—nor with fainting heart.
 For, pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
 And all your sacred fellowship restore ;
 When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
 And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

Hyplas.

“LOVELY river, lovely river,
 O to float upon thy stream!
 O to rest on thee forever,
 Life a long, delicious dream!

“There are forms about me winging,
 Far too bright for mortal eye.
 There are thoughts within me springing,
 That would make it sweet to die.”

Where the sparkling crystal waters
Shot in music from their cell,
Couched on rose, the fountain's daughters
Watched the working of their spell.

Hylas, hark! the breeze is gushing
Through thy gallant vessel's sail.
Hylas, hark! the tide is rushing—
Hark! the sailors' parting hail!

But a nobler fate has found thee
Than was e'er by valor won;
And a deeper spell has bound thee
Than was e'er by man undone.

O'er the crystal waters bending,
Low he dips the marble urn;
Thoughts of home and anguish blending
With the dreams that in him burn.

Deeper still the charm is stealing—
Forms of beauty crowd the shore,
Till his brain and eye are reeling—
In he plunges—all is o'er!

In the naiads' bosom ever,
Vainly now by hill and grove,
Ocean's marge, and sacred river,
Shalt thou seek him, son of Jove.

ANONYMOUS.

We Parted in Silence.

WE parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met—and we parted for ever.

The night-bird sang, and the stars above
 Told many a touching story,
 Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
 Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet
 With the tears that were past controlling;
 We vowed we would never, no, never forget,
 And those vows at the time were consoling;
 But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine,
 Are as cold as that lonely river;
 And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
 Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
 And my heart grows full of weeping;
 Each star is to me a sealèd book,
 Some tale of that loved one keeping.
 We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
 On the banks of that lonely river;
 But the odor and bloom of those by-gone years
 Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

JULIA CRAWFORD.

Vanitas Vanitatum.

THE stream that hurries by your fixèd shore.
 Returns no more;
 The wind that dries at morn yon dewy lawn
 Breathes and is gone;
 Those withered flowers to summer's ripening glow
 No more shall blow;
 Those fallen leaves that strew yon garden bed
 For aye are dead;
 On shore, or sea, or hill, or vale, or plain,
 Naught shall remain;
 Vainly for sunshine fled, and joys gone by,
 We heave a sigh;

On, ever on, with unexhausted breath,
 Time hastes to death ;
Even with each word we speak a moment flies—
 Is born and dies ;
Of all for which poor mortals vainly mourn,
 Naught shall return ;
Life hath its home in heaven and earth beneath,
 And so hath death ;
Not all the chains that clank in eastern clime
 Can fetter time ;
For all the phials in the doctor's store
 Youth comes no more ;
No drugs on age's wrinkled cheek renew
 Life's early hue ;
Not all the tears by pious mourners shed
 Can wake the dead.

If thus through lesser nature's empire wide
 Nothing abide—
If wind, and wave, and leaf, and sun, and flower,
 Have all their hour—
He walks on ice whose dallying spirit clings
 To earthly things ;
And he alone is wise whose well taught love
 Is fixed above :
Truths firm and bright, but oft to mortal ear
 Chilling and drear ;
Harsh as the raven's croak the sounds that tell
 Of pleasure's knell.
Pray, reader, that the minstrel's strain
 Not all be vain ;
And when thou bend'st to God the suppliant knee,
 Remember me.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Wonderland.

MOURNFULLY listening to the waves' strange talk,
And marking with a sad and moistened eye
The summer days sink down behind the sea,—
Sink down beneath the level brine, and fall
Into the Hades of forgotten things,—
A mighty longing stealeth o'er the soul;
As of a man who panteth to behold
His idol in another land,—if yet
Her heart be treasured for him,—if her eyes
Have yet the old love in them. Even so,
With passion strong as love and deep as death,
Yearneth the spirit after Wonderland.

Ah, happy, happy land! The busy soul
Calls up in pictures of the half-shut eye
Thy shores of splendor. As a fair blind girl,
Who thinks the roses must be beautiful,
But cannot see their beauty. Olden tones,
Borne on the bosom of the breeze from far,—
Angels that came to the young heart in dreams,
And then like birds of passage flew away,—
Return. The rugged steersman at the wheel
Softens into a cloudy shape. The sails
Move to a music of their own. Brave bark,
Speed well, and bear us unto Wonderland!

Leave far behind thee the vext earth, where men
Spend their dark days in weaving their own shrouds
And Fraud and Wrong are crownèd kings; and Toil
Hath chains for Hire; and all Creation groans,
Crying, in its great bitterness, to God;
And Love can never speak the thing it feels,
Or save the thing it loves,—is succorless.
For if one say, "I love thee," what poor words
They are! Whilst they are spoken, the beloved
Traveleth as a doomed lamb the road of death;

And sorrow blanches the fair hair, and pales
The tinted cheek. Not so in Wonderland.

There larger natures sport themselves at ease
'Neath kindlier suns that nurture fairer flowers,
And richer harvests billow in the vales,
And passionate kisses fall on godlike brows
As summer rain. And never know they there
The passion that is desolation's prey;
The bitter tears begotten of farewells;
Endless renunciations, when the heart
Loseth the all it lived for; vows forgot,
Cold looks, estrangèd voices,—all the woes
That poison earth's delight. For love endures,
Nor fades nor changes, in the Wonderland.

Alas! the rugged steersman at the wheel
Comes back again to vision. The hoarse sea
Speaketh from its great heart of discontent,
And in the misty distance dies away.
The Wonderland!—'T is past and gone. O soul,
Whilst yet unbodied thou didst summer there,
God saw thee, led thee forth from thy green haunts,
And bade thee know another world less fair,
Less calm. Ambition, knowledge, and desire
Drove from thee thy first worship. Live and learn,
Believe and wait,—and it may be that he
Will guide thee back again to Wonderland.

CRADOCK NEWTON.

Nathan Hale.

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by:
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armèd sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;

And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn!

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

The Blue and the Gray.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat;
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;

In the storm of the years that are fading,
 No braver battle was won ;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue ;
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red ;
 They banish our anger for ever,
 When they laurel the graves of our dead.
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and Love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

The Death of King Bomba.

COULD I pass those lounging sentries,
 Through the aloe-bordered entries,
 Up the sweep of squalid stair,
 On through chamber after chamber,
 Where the sunshine's gold and amber
 Turn decay to beauty rare,—
 I should reach a guarded portal,
 Where, for strife of issue mortal,
 Face to face two kings are met:
 One the grisly King of Terrors ;
 One a Bourbon, with his errors,
 Late to conscience-clearing set.

Well his fevered pulse may flutter,
 And the priests their mass may mutter
 With such fervor as they may ;
 Cross and chrism and genuflection,
 Mop and mow and interjection,
 Will not frighten Death away.

By the dying despot sitting,
 At the hard heart's portals hitting,
 Shocking the dull brain to work,
 Death makes clear what life has hidden,
 Chides what life has left unhidden,
 Quickens truth life tried to burke.

He but ruled within his borders
 After Holy Church's orders,
 Did what Austria bade him do,—
 By their guidance flogged and tortured
 High-born men, and gently nurtured
 Chained with crime's felonious crew.
 What if summer fevers gripped them,
 What if winter freezings nipped them,
 Till they rotted in their chains?
 He had word of Pope and Kaiser—
 None could holier be or wiser;
 Theirs the counsel, his the reins.

So he pleads excuses eager,
 Clutching with his fingers meagre
 At the bed-clothes as he speaks;
 But King Death sits grimly grinning
 At the Bourbon's cobweb-spinning,
 As each cobweb-cable breaks.
 And the poor soul from life's islet,
 Rudderless, without a pilot,
 Drifteth slowly down the dark;
 While 'mid rolling incense vapor,
 Chanted dirge, and flaring taper,
 Lies the body, stiff and stark.

ANONYMOUS.

The Golden Wedding.

O LOVE, whose patient pilgrim feet
 Life's longest path have trod,

Whose ministry hath symbolled sweet
The dearer love of God,—
The sacred myrtle wreathes again
Thine altar, as of old;
And what was green with summer then,
Is mellowed now to gold.

Not now, as then, the Future's face
Is flushed with fancy's light;
But Memory, with a milder grace,
Shall rule the feast to-night.
Blest was the sun of joy that shone,
Nor less the blinding shower—
The bud of fifty years ago
Is Love's perfected flower.

O Memory, ope thy mystic door!
O dream of youth, return!
And let the lights that gleamed of yore
Beside this altar burn!
The past is plain; 't was Love designed
E'en Sorrow's iron chain,
And Mercy's shining thread has twined
With the dark warp of Pain.

So be it still. O thou who hast
That younger bridal blest,
Till the May-morn of love has passed
To evening's golden west,
Come to this later Cana, Lord,
And, at thy touch divine,
The water of that earlier board
To-night shall turn to wine.

DAVID GRAY.

Tacking Ship off Shore.

THE weather leech of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain, and the lee shrouds slacken,

The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather bow,
Is the light-house tall on Fire Island Head.
There 's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "Full and by!"
Is suddenly changed for "Full for stays!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "Stand by for stays!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword, impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "Ready! About!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go;
And the captain growls, "Down helm! hard down!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "Ay, ay, Sir! Ha-a-rd a-lee!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed,
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind;

The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps;
And thunders the order, "Tacks and sheets!"

Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall;
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for "Mainsail haul!"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung;
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"Let go, and haul!" 'T is the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more;
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on a shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "Belay there, all!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry,
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

WALTER MITCHELL

The Mistress of the House.

THE guests are come, all silent they have waited;
Entering the noiseless hush with silent bows,
They linger for her coming, sore belated—
Where is the little mistress of the house?

She is not wont to leave her friends so lonely
That come too seldom, as she gayly vows;
Yet they are here, and wait her pleasure only—
Where is the little mistress of the house?

She cannot be far off—perhaps but sleeping;
Doubtless at their low call she would arouse;
Why do they summon her alone with weeping?
Where is the little mistress of the house?

The portraits stare behind their veiling covers;
The dust is in the melancholy room,
Upon the air a ghastly silence hovers—
Within the threshold loneliness and gloom.

Cold, dark, and desolate the place without her,
Wanting her gentle smile as each allows;
She bears a sunbeam light and warmth about her—
Where is the little mistress of the house?

The curtains fall, undraped by her slight fingers,
Behind the wainscot gnaws a secret mouse,
Her treasures need her care, but still she lingers—
Where is the little mistress of the house?

Alas! there was a rumor and a whisper
Threading the busy town, this many days;
The youngest baby here, a tiny lisper,
Can falter forth the reason why she stays,

Why care and love, the tenderest and sincerest,
Have failed to shield and guard her fair young head
Why she has fled from all she loved the dearest—
For there has been a rumor, she is dead.

Throw wide the door! Within the gloomy portal,
Where her small feet fell light as falling snow,
They bear her in, the mortal made immortal!
She comes again, but heavenly and slow!

O empty shell! O beautiful frail prison!
 Cold, white, and vacant, tenantless and dumb,
 From such poor clay as this has Christ arisen—
 For such as this He shall in glory come!

But in the calm indifference to our sorrow,
 In the sharp anguish of her parting breath,
 In the dark gulf that hides her form to-morrow,
 Thou hast thy victory, Grave; thy sting, O Death!

Yet shall she walk so fair that we who knew her,
 Would pale before the glory of her brows,
 Nor in the radiant beauty dare to woo her
 To be again the mistress of the house.

LESLIE WALTER.

In the Hospital.

I LAY me down to sleep,
 With little thought or care
 Whether my waking find
 Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
 That only asks to rest,
 Unquestioning, upon
 A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
 Its cunning now;
 To march the weary march
 I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
 Nor strong—all that is past;
 I am ready not to do
 At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,
 And this is all my part—
 I give a patient God
 My patient heart,

And grasp His banner still,
 Though all the blue be dim;
 These stripes as well as stars
 Lead after Him.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

Time and Eternity.

It is not Time that flies;
 'T is we, 't is we are flying.
 It is not Life that dies;
 'T is we, 't is we are dying.

Time and eternity are one;
 Time is eternity begun.
 Life changes, yet without decay;
 'T is we alone who pass away.

It is not Truth that flies;
 'T is we, 't is we are flying.
 It is not Faith that dies;
 'T is we, 't is we are dying.
 O ever-during Faith and Truth,
 Whose youth is age, whose age is youth,
 Twin stars of immortality,
 Ye cannot perish from our sky.

It is not Hope that flies;
 'T is we, 't is we are flying.
 It is not Love that dies;
 'T is we, 't is we are dying.
 Twin streams that have in heaven your birth,
 Ye glide in gentle joy through earth.
 We fade, like flowers beside you sown;
 Ye still are flowing, flowing on.

Yet we but die to live;
 It is from death we 're flying;
 Forever lives our life,
 For us there is no dying.
 We die but as the spring bud dies,
 In summer's golden glow to rise.
 These be our days of April bloom;
 Our July is beyond the tomb.

HORATIUS BONAR.

My Ain Countree.

I AM far from my hame, an' I 'm weary often whiles
 For the longed-for hame-bringing an' my Father's welcome
 smiles;

I 'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see
 The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countree.

The earth is fleck'd wi' flow'rs, mony-tinted, fresh an'
 gay,

The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
 But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me,
 When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I 've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day
 the King

To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring;

Wi' een an' wi' heart running over we shall see

"The King in his beauty," an' our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony' an' my sorrows hae been sair,
 But there they 'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
 His bluid has made me white, his hand shall wipe mine ee,
 When he brings me hame at last to my ain countree.

Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
 I wud fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast;

For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like
me,
An' he carries them himself to his ain countree.

He 's faithfu' that hath promised, he 'll surely come again;
He 'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.

(So I 'm watching aye an' singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footsteps this side the gowden gate.
God gie his grace to ilka ane wha listens noo to me,
That we may a' gang in gladness to our ain countree.

MARY LEE DEMAREST.

The Petrified Fern.

IN a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender,
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it;
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it;
Drops of dew stole down by night and crowned it;
But no foot of man e'er came that way;—
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main;
Stately forests waved their giant branches;
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches;
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain.
Nature revelled in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not like these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its sweet, wild way;
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
 Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
 Of the strong, dread currents of the ocean;
 Moved the hills, and shook the haughty wood;
 Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
 Covered it, and hid it safe away.
 O, the long, long centuries since that day!
 O, the changes! O, life's bitter cost,
 Since the little useless fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
 Searching Nature's secrets far and deep;
 From a fissure in a rocky steep
 He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
 Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,—
 Leafage, veining, fibres, clear and fine—
 And the fern's life lay in every line.
 So, I think, God hides some souls away,
 Sweetly to surprise us the Last Day.

MARY L. BOULES BRANCH.

Tuloom.

ON the coast of Yucatan,
 As untenanted of man
 As a castle under ban
 By a doom
 For the deeds of bloody hours,
 Overgrown with tropic bowers,
 Stand the teocallis towers
 Of Tuloom.

One of these is fair to sight,
 Where it pinnacles a height;
 And the breakers blossom white,
 As they boom

And split beneath the walls,
And an ocean murmur falls
Through the melancholy halls
Of Tuloom.

On the summit, as you stand,
All the ocean and the land
Stretch away on either hand,
But the plume
Of the palm is overhead,
And the grass, beneath your tread,
Is the monumental bed
Of Tuloom.

All the grandeur of the woods,
And the greatness of the floods,
And the sky that overbroods,
Dress a tomb,
Where the stucco drops away,
And the bat avoids the day,
In the chambers of decay
In Tuloom.

They are battlements of death.
When the breezes hold their breath,
Down a hundred feet beneath,
In the flume
Of the sea, as still as glass,
You can see the fishes pass
By the promontory mass
Of Tuloom.

Toward the forest is displayed,
On the terrace, a façade
With devices overlaid ;
And the bloom

Of the vine of sculpture, led
O'er the soffit overhead,
Was a fancy of the dead
Of Tuloom.

Here are corridors, and there,
From the terrace, goes a stair ;
And the way is broad and fair
To the room
Where the inner altar stands ;
And the mortar's tempered sands
Bear the print of human hands,
In Tuloom.

O'er the sunny ocean swell,
The canòas running well
Toward the Isle of Cozumel
Cleave the spume ;
On they run, and never halt
Where the shimmer, from the salt,
Makes a twinkle in the vault
Of Tuloom.

When the night is wild and dark,
And a roar is in the park,
And the lightning, to its mark,
Cuts the gloom,
All the region, on the sight,
Rushes upward from the night,
In a thunder-crash of light
O'er Tuloom.

Oh ! could such a flash recall
All the flamens to their hall,
All the idols on the wall,
In the fume

Of the Indian sacrifice —
All the lifted hands and eyes,
All the laughters and the cries
Of Tuloom —

All the kings in feathered pride,
All the people, like a tide,
And the voices of the bride
And the groom ! —
But, alas ! the prickly pear,
And the owlets of the air,
And the lizards, make a lair
Of Tuloom.

We are tenants on the strand
Of the same mysterious land.
Must the shores that we command
Reassume
Their primeval forest hum,
And the future pilgrim come
Unto monuments as dumb
As Tuloom ?

'Tis a secret of the clime,
And a mystery sublime,
Too obscure, in coming time,
To presume ;
But the snake amid the grass
Hisses at us as we pass,
And we sigh, Alas ! alas !
In Tuloom.

ERASTUS WOLCOTT ELLSWORTH.

The Ocean.

LIKENESS of heaven, agent of power,
Man is thy victim, shipwrecks thy dower !
Spices and jewels from valley and sea,
Armies and banners, are buried in thee !

What are the riches of Mexico's mines
To the wealth that far down in thy deep water shines ?
The proud navies that cover the conquering west,
Thou fling'st them to death with one heave of thy breast.

From the high hills that visor thy wreck-making shore,
When the bride of the mariner shrieks at thy roar,
When, like lambs in the tempest or mews in the blast,
O'er thy ridge-broken billows the canvas is cast,—

How humbling to one with a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness and list to thy roll,
And to think how that heart in cold ashes shall be,
While the voice of eternity rises from thee.

Yes, where are the cities of Thebes and of Tyre ?
Swept from the nations like sparks from the fire !
The glory of Athens, the splendor of Rome,
Dissolved, and forever, like dew in thy foam !

But thou art almighty, eternal, sublime,
Unweakened, unwasted, twin brother of Time !
Fleets, tempests, nor nations thy glory can bow ;
As the stars first beheld thee, still chainless art thou.

But hold !—when thy surges no longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length is drawn back like a scroll,
Then, then shall the spirit that sighs by thee now,
Be more mighty, more lasting, more chainless than thou.

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Spinning-wheel Song.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning ;
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning ;
 Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
 Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting,—
 " Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
 " 'T is the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
 " Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
 " 'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring ;
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

" What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder ?"

" 'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."

" What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
 And singing all wrong that old song of ' The Coolun ' ?"
 There's a form at the casement — the form of her true-love —

And he whispers, with face bent, " I'm waiting for you,
 love ;

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
 We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring ;
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
 Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers ;
 A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,

Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
 Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
 Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
 The maid steps,—then leaps to the arms of her lover.

Slower, and slower, and slower the wheel swings;

Lower, and lower, and lower the reel rings.

Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
 Thro' the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

The Burial of Béranger.

The poet Béranger is dead. The expenses of his funeral will be charged to the Imperial civil list.—*Despatch of July 17, 1857.*

Non mes amis, au spectacle des ombres

Je ne veux point une loge d'honneur.—Béranger.

BURY Béranger ! Well for you
 Could you bury the spirit of Béranger too !
 Bury the bard if you will, and rejoice ;
 But you bury the body, and not the voice.
 Bury the prophet and garnish his tomb ;
 The prophecy still remains for doom,
 And many a prophecy since proved true
 Has that prophet spoken for such as you.

Bury the body of Béranger —
 Bury the printer's boy you may ;
 But the spirit no death can ever destroy
 That made a bard of that printer's boy.
 A clerk at twelve hundred francs per ann.
 Were a very easily buried man ;
 But the spirit that gave up that little all
 For freedom, is free of the funeral.

You may bury the prisoner, it may be,
 The man of La Force and Ste. Pelagie ;
 But the spirit, mon Empereur, that gave
 That prisoner empire knows no grave.

“ Au spectacle des ombres une loge d'honneur ”
 Is easily given, mon Empereur ;
 But a something there is which even the will
 Of an emperor can not inter or kill —
 By no space restrained, to no age confined,
 The fruit of a simple great man's mind,
 Which to all eternity lives and feeds
 The births of which here it has laid the seeds.
 Could you bury these, you might sit secure
 On the throne of the Bourbons, mon Empereur.

ALFRED WATTS.

The Song of the Western Men.

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand,
 A merry heart and true,
 King James's men shall understand
 What Cornish lads can do.
 And have they fixed the where and when,
 And shall Trelawney die ?
 Then twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why.
 What ! will they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen ?
 And shall Trelawney die ?
 Then twenty thousand under ground
 Will know the reason why.

Out spake the captain brave and bold,
 A merry wight was he :
 “ Though London's Tower were Michael's hold,
 We'll set Trelawney free.

We'll cross the Tamar hand to hand,
 The Exe shall be no stay ;
 We'll side by side from strand to strand,
 And who shall bid us nay ?
 What ! will they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen ?
 And shall Trelawney die ?
 Then twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why.

“ And when we come to London wall
 We'll shout with it in view,
 ‘ Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all !
 We're better men than you !
 Trelawney, he's in keep and hold,
 Trelawney, he may die ;
 But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
 Will known the reason why ! ’
 What ! will they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen ?
 And shall Trelawney die ?
 Then twenty thousand under ground
 Will know the reason why.”

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

To a Swallow, Building Under Our Eaves.

THOU too hast travelled, little fluttering thing,
 Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing
 Thou too must rest.
 But much, my little bird, could'st thou but tell,
 I'd give to know why here thou lik'st so well
 To build thy nest.

For thou hast passed fair places in thy flight ;
 A world lay all beneath thee where to light ;
 And, strange thy taste,
 Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye,
 Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky,
 To choose this waste !

Did fortune try thee? — was thy little purse
Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse,
Felt here secure?

Ah no! thou need'st not gold, thou happy one!
Thou know'st it not. Of all God's creatures, man
Alone is poor.

What was it, then? — some mystic turn of thought,
Caught under German eaves, and hither brought,
Marring thine eye
For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown
A sober thing that dost but mope and moan,
Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not ask,
Since here I see thee working at thy task
With wing and beak.
A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,
At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might and main,
Nor more need'st seek.

In truth, I rather take it thou hast got
By instinct wise much sense about thy lot,
And hast small care
Whether an Eden or a desert be
Thy home, so thou remain'st alive and free
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird! May thy small nest
With little ones all in good time be blest.

I love thee much;
For well thou managest that life of thine,
While I — oh, ask not what I do with mine!
Would I were such!

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

Carcassonne.

- “ I’M growing old, I’ve sixty years ;
I’ve labored all my life in vain.
In all that time of hopes and fears,
I’ve failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none,
My prayer would else fulfilment know —
Never have I seen Carcassonne !
Never have I seen Carcassonne !
- “ You spy the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountain blue ;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And, to return, as many more.
Had but the vintage plenteous grown —
But, ah! the grape withheld its store.
I shall not look on Carcassonne !
I shall not look on Carcassonne !
- “ They tell me every day is there
Not more or less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals !
What joy to dwell in Carcassonne !
Ah ! might I but see Carcassonne !
- “ The vicar’s right : he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak, and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind ;

Yet could I these two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah, me ! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne.

“Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I offend ;
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
Have travelled even to Narbonne ;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan ;
And I — have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne !”

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double-bent with age.
“Rise up, my friend,” said I ; “with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage.”
We left, next morning, his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him!) half-way on
The old man died upon the road.
He never gazed on Carcassonne.
Each mortal has his Carcassonne.

GUSTAVE NADAUD.

Translated by JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Crossing the Rappahannock.

THEY leaped in the rocking shallops —
Ten offered where one could go —
And the breeze was alive with laughter,
Till the boatmen began to row.

Then the shore, where the rebels harbored,
Was fringed with a gush of flame,

And buzzing like bees o'er the water
The swarms of their bullets came.

In silence how dread and solemn,
With courage how grand and true,
Steadily, steadily onward
The line of the shallops drew.

Not a whisper ! Each man was conscious
He stood in the sight of death,
So he bowed to the awful presence
And treasured his living breath.

'Twixt death in the air above them,
And death in the waves below,
Through ball and grape and shrapnel
They moved — my God, how slow !

And many a brave, stout fellow,
Who sprang in the boats with mirth,
Ere they made that fatal crossing
Was a load of lifeless earth.

And many a brave, stout fellow,
Whose limbs with strength were rife,
Was torn and crushed and shattered —
A helpless wreck for life.

But yet the boats moved onward ;
Through fire and lead they drove,
With the dark, still mass within them,
And the floating stars above.

They formed in line of battle —
Not a man was out of place ;
Then with levelled steel they hurled them
Straight in the rebels' face.

ANONYMOUS.

Roll-Call.

“CORPORAL GREEN!” the orderly cried.

“Here!” was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier who stood near;
And “Here!” was the word the next replied.

“Cyrus Drew!”—then silence fell,
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-side was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew,
And crimson-dyed was the river’s flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire,
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

“Herbert Kline!” At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

“Ezra Kerr!”—and a voice answered “Here!”
“Hiram Kerr!”—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

“ Ephraim Deane ! ”— then a soldier spoke :
 “ Deane carried our regiment’s colors,” he said ;
 “ Where our ensign was shot I left him dead,
 Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

“ Close to the roadside his body lies ;
 I paused a moment and gave him drink ;
 He murmured his mother’s name, I think,
 And death came with it and closed his eyes.”

’Twas a victory, yes, but it cost us dear ;
 For that company’s roll, when called at night,
 Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
 Numbered but twenty that answered “ Here ! ”

NATHANIEL GRAHAM SHEPHERD.

Heroes.

THE winds that once the Argo bore
 Have died by Neptune’s ruined shrines,
 And her hull is the drift of the deep-sea floor,
 Though shaped of Pelion’s tallest pines.
 You may seek her crew on every isle
 Fair in the foam of Ægean seas,
 But out of their rest no charm can wile
 Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam’s wail is heard no more
 By windy Ilion’s sea-built walls ;
 Nor great Achilles, stained with gore,
 Shouts “ O ye gods, ’t is Hector falls ! ”
 On Ida’s mount is the shining snow,
 But Jove has gone from its brow away ;
 And red on the plain the poppies grow
 Where the Greek and the Trojan fought that day.

Mother Earth, are the heroes dead ?
 Do they thrill the soul of the years no more ?
 Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
 All that is left of the brave of yore ?
 Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
 Far in the young world's misty dawn ?
 Or to teach as gray-haired Nestor taught ?
 Mother Earth, are the heroes gone ?
 Gone ? In a grander form they rise.
 Dead ? We may clasp their hands in ours,
 And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
 And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.
 Wherever a noble deed is done,
 'T is the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred ;
 Wherever Right has a triumph won,
 There are the heroes' voices heard.
 Their armor rings on a fairer field
 Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod ;
 For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
 And the gleam above is the smile of God.
 So, in his isle of calm delight,
 Jason may sleep the years away ;
 For the heroes live, and the sky is bright,
 And the world is a braver world to-day.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Moonlight.

"NAY, wait me here — I'll not be long ;
 'T is but a little way ;
 I'll come ere you have sung the song
 I made you yesterday.
 " 'T is but to cross yon streak of light, —
 And fresh the breezes blow ;
 You will not lose me from your sight, —
 One kiss, and now I go ! "

So, in the pleasant night of June,
He lightly sails away,
To where the glimmer of the moon
Lies right across the bay.

And she sits singing on the shore
A song of pure delight ;
The boat flies on—a little more,
And he will cross the light.

The boat flies on, the song is done,
The light before him gleams ;
A little more, and he has won !
'T is farther than it seems.

The boat flies on, the boat flies fast ;
The wind blows strong and free ;
The boat flies on, the bay is past,
He sails into the sea.

And on, and on, and ever on,
The light lies just before ;
But oh, forevermore is done
The song upon the shore !

ROBERT KELLEY WEEKS.

The Song of Korek.

'TWAS on the night of Michaelmas that lordly Orloff's heir
Wed with the noble Russian maid, Dimitry's daughter
fair.

With mirth and song, and love and wine, that was a royal
day ;
The banners streamed, the halls were hung in black and
gold array.

The Twelve Apostles stood in brass, each with a flambeau
bright,
To blaze with holy altar sheen throughout the festive
night.

The rings were changed, the tabor rolled, the Kyrie was
said ;
The boyard father drew his sword, and pierced the loaf
of bread.

Soon as the priest did drain his cup, and put his pipe
aside,
He wiped his lip upon his sleeve, and kissed the blushing
bride.

That very night to Novgorod must hasten bride and heir,
And Count Dimitry bade them well with robe and bell pre-
pare.

And when from feast and wedding-guest they parted at
the door,
He bade two hunters ride behind, two hunters ride before.

“ Look to your carbines, men,” he called, “ and gird your
ready knives !”
With one accord they all replied, “ We pledge thee with
our lives !”

I was the haiduk of that night, and vowed, by horses
fleet,
Our sleigh must shoot with arrow speed behind the
coursers' feet.

We journeyed speedy, werst by werst, with bell and song
and glee,
And I, upon my postal-horn, blew many a melody.

I blew farewell to Minka mine, and bade the strain retire
Where she sat winding flaxen thread beside the kitchen
fire.

We rode, and rode, by hollow pass, by glen and mountain-
side,
And with each bell soft accents fell from lips of bonny
bride.

The night was drear, the night was chill, the night was
lone and bright ;
Before us streamed the polar rays in green and golden
light.

The gypsy thieves were in their dens; the owl moaned in
the trees ;
The windmill circled merrily, obedient to the breeze.

Shrill piped the blast in birchen boughs. and mocked the
snowy shroud :
Thrice ran a hare across our track ; thrice croaked a
raven loud.

The horses pawed the frigid sands, and drove them with
the wind :
We left the village gallows-tree full thirty wersts behind.

We rode, and rode. by forest shade. by brake and river-
side ;
And as we rode I heard the kiss of groom and bonny
bride.

I heard again,—a boding strain ; I heard it, all too well ;
A neigh, a shout, a groan, a howl,—then heavy curses
fell.

Our horses pricked their wary ears, and bounded with
affright;
From forest kennels picket wolves were baying in the
night.

“Haiduk, haiduk,—the lash,—the steeds,—the wolves!”
the lady cried;
The wily baron clutched his blade, and murmured to the
bride:

“This all is but a moonlight hunt; the starveling hounds
shall bleed,
And you shall be the tourney’s queen, to crown the gal-
lant deed!”

The moon it crept behind a cloud, as covered by a storm;
And the gray cloud became a wolf, a monster wolf in
form.

“Gramercy, Mother of our Lord,—gramercy in our
needs!”
Hold well together hand and thong, hold well, ye sturdy
steeds!

Like unto Tartar cavalry the wolf battalion sped;
Ungunned, unspurred, but well to horse, and sharpened
well to head.

The pines stood by, the stars looked on, and listless fell
the snow;
The breeze made merry with the trees, nor heeded wolf
nor woe.

Now cracked the carbines,—bleeding beasts were rolling
here and there;
’T was flash and shot and howl,—and yet the wolves were
everywhere.

No more they mustered in our wake, their legion ranged
beside.

'T was steed for speed, and wolf for steed, and wolf for
lord and bride.

In vain I cited Christian saints, I called Mahomet near :
Methought, though all the saints did fail, the prophet
would appear.

A moment, and pursuit is stayed,—they tear their
wounded kind ;

A moment,—then the hellish pack did follow close behind.

The baron silent rose amain, by danger unappalled.

“Strive for your lives, with guns and knives,” the
mounted guardsmen called.

The lady muttered agony, with crucifix and beads ;

The wolves were snapping by her side, and leaping at our
steeds.

My limbs were numb, my senses dumb, nor reason held
its place ;

I fell beneath two glaring orbs, within a gaunt embrace.

I roused to hear a volley fired, to hear a martial shout ;

And when I oped my stricken eyes the wolves were all to
rout.

A hundred scouting Cossacks met and slew the deadly
foe ;

Fourscore of wolves in throes of death lay bleeding in the
snow.

Our lady rested in a swoon, our lord was stained with
gore ;

But none could tell of what befell the trusty hunters four.

JOHN WILLIAM WEIDEMEYER.

The Reign of Law.

THE dawn went up the sky,
Like any other day ;
And they had only come
To mourn Him where he lay :
“ We ne’er have seen the law
Reversed ’neath which we lie ;
Exceptions none are found,
And when we die, we die.
Resigned to fact we wander hither,
We ask no more the whence and whither.

“ Vain questions ! from the first
Put, and no answer found.
He binds us with the chain
Wherewith himself is bound.
From west to east the earth
Unrolls her primal curve ;
The sun himself were vexed
Did she one furlong swerve :
The myriad years have whirled us hither,
But tell not of the whence and whither.

“ We know but what we see —
Like cause and like event :
One constant force runs on,
Transmuted but unspent.
Because they are, they are ;
The mind may frame a plan ;
’T is from herself she draws
A special thought for man :
The natural choice that brought us hither,
Is silent on the whence and whither.

“ If God there be, or gods,
Without our science lies ;
We cannot see or touch,
Measure or analyze.
Life is but what we live,
We know but what we know,
Closed in these bounds alone
Whether God be, or no :
The self-moved force that bore us hither
Reveals no whence, and hints no whither.

“ Ah, which is likelier truth,
That law should hold its way,
Or, for this one of all,
Life re-assert her sway ?
Like any other morn
The sun goes up the sky ;
No crisis marks the day,
For when we die, we die.
No fair fond hope allures us hither :
The law is dumb on whence and whither.”

—Then wherefore are ye come ?
Why watch a worn-out corse ?
Why weep a ripple past
Down the long stream of force ?
If life is that which keeps
Each organism whole,
No atom may be traced
Of what ye thought the soul :
It had its term of passage hither,
But knew no whence, and knows no whither.

The forces that were Christ
Have ta'en new forms and fled
The common sun goes up,
The dead are with the dead.
'T was but a phantom-life

That seemed to think and will,
Evolving self and God
By some subjective skill,
That had its day of passage hither,
But knew no whence, and knows no whither.

If this be all in all :
Life but one mode of force ;
Law but the plan which binds
The sequences in course ;
All essence, all design,
Shut out from mortal ken,—
We bow to Nature's fate,
And drop the style of men.
The summer dust the wind wafts hither,
Is not more dead to whence and whither.

But if our life be life,
And thought and will and love
Not vague unconscious airs
That o'er wild harp-strings move ;
If consciousness be aught
Of all it seems to be,
And souls are something more
Than lights that gleam and flee,—
Though dark the road that leads us thither,
The heart must ask its whence and whither.

To matter or to force
The All is not confined ;
Beside the law of things
Is set the law of mind ;
One speaks in rock and star,
And one within the brain ;
In unison at times,
And then apart again :
And both in one have brought us hither,
That we may know our whence and whither.

The sequences of law
We learn through mind alone ;
'T is only through the soul
That aught we know is known :
With equal voice she tells
Of what we touch and see
Within these bounds of life,
And of a life to be ;
Proclaiming One who brought us hither
And holds the keys of whence and whither.

O shrine of God that now
Must learn itself with awe !
O heart and soul that move
Beneath a living law !
That which seemed all the rule
Of nature, is but part ;
A larger, deeper law
Claims also soul and heart.
The force that framed and bore us hither
Itself at once is whence and whither.

We may not hope to read
Or comprehend the whole
Or of the law of things,
Or of the law of soul :
E'en in the eternal stars
Dim perturbations rise ;
And all the searcher's search
Does not exhaust the skies :
He who has framed and brought us hither
Holds in his hands the whence and whither.

He in his science plans
What no known laws foretell ;
The wandering fires and fixed
Alike are miracle :
The common death of all,

The life renewed above,
And both within the scheme
Of that all-circling love.
The seeming chance that cast us hither
Accomplishes his whence and whither.

Then, though the sun go up
His beaten azure way,
God may fulfill his thought,
And bless his world to-day ;
Beside the law of things
The law of mind enthrone,
And, for the hope of all,
Reveal himself in one ;
Himself the way that leads us thither,
The All-in-all, the Whence and Whither.
FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

Easter.

IN Thee, thou Son of God, in Thee I rest.
The immortality by sages guessed,
Hath not the rocky strength thy promise gives,
That who believes in Thee forever lives.
The worm on wings disporting is not here
The same that wove its shroud the vanished year.
The flowers breathe out their fragrance and decay,
The towering woods grow old and pass away ;
The flowers return, but not the same that vied
For last year's prize of beauty, and then died ;
Resurgent woods again their branches spread,
But not the same that prostrate lie and dead.
O reproducing Nature ! from thy strife,
Comes never same, but always other life.
Men die, but lives right on humanity,—
So said a Greek ;— not this enough for me ;

Shall I myself relive?—the quest I raise.
 To share an undistinguishable haze
 Of being, and, immersed in that vast sea,
 To lose what most I ask, MYSELF TO BE,
 Is empty vision, Seer of Attic clime,
 Or Greek more earth-born of our modern time.
 O man of Calvary, O Son of God,
 I mark the path thy holy footsteps trod,
 Through death to life, thy Living Self to me
 Potence and pledge of immortality!

SEWALL SYLVESTER CUTTING.

If I Should Die To-night.

IF I should die to-night,
 My friends would look upon my quiet face
 Before they laid it in its resting-place,
 And deem that death had left it almost fair;
 And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
 Would smoothe it down with tearful tenderness,
 And fold my hands with lingering caress,—
 Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
 My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
 Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought,
 Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
 Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
 The memory of my selfishness and pride,
 My hasty words, would all be put aside,
 And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
 Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
 Recalling other days remorsefully;
 The eyes that chill me with averted glance
 Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,

And soften in the old familiar way ;
 For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay ?
 So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

O friends, I pray to-night,
 Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow ;
 The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
 Think gently of me ; I am travel-worn ;
 My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
 Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead !
 When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
 The tenderness for which I long to-night.

BELLE E. SMITH.

© May I Join the Choir Invisible.

Longum illud tempus quum non ero magis me movet quam hoc
 exiguum.—CICERO.

© MAY I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence : live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search
 To vaster issues. So to live is heaven :
 To make undying music in the world,
 Breathing as beauteous order that controls
 With growing sway the growing life of man.
 So we inherit that sweet purity
 For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
 With widening retrospect that bred despair.
 Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
 A vicious parent shaming still its child
 Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved ;

Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
 Die in the large and charitable air.
 And all our rarer, better, truer self,
 That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
 That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
 Laboriously tracing what must be,
 And what may yet be better — saw within
 A worthier image for the sanctuary,
 And shaped it forth before the multitude
 Divinely human, raising worship so
 To higher reverence more mixed with love—
 That better self shall live till human Time
 Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
 Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
 Unread forever. This is life to come,
 Which martyred men have made more glorious
 For us who strive to follow. May I reach
 That purest heaven, be to other souls
 The cup of strength in some great agony,
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty —
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
 And in diffusion ever more intense.
 So shall I join the choir invisible
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Cuddle Doon.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at night,
 Wi' mickle faucht an' din ;
 " O try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
 Your faither's comin' in."
 They never heed a word I speak ;
 I try to gie a froon,
 But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
 " O bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi the curly head —
He aye sleeps next the wa' —
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece!"
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up, an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang wee Rab
Cries oot frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance,
He's kittlin wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon,
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit,
An' as he steeks the door
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks
As he pits off his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsel'
We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
 Wi' mirth that's dear to me ;
 But sune the big warl's cark an' care
 Will quaten doon their glee.
 Yet come what will to ilka ane,
 May He who sits aboon
 Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
 " O bairnies, cuddle doon."

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

Light.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
 And the day but one;
 Yet the light of the bright world dies
 With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
 And the heart but one;
 Yet the light of a whole life dies
 When love is done.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON.

What My Lover Said.

BY the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
 In the orchard path he met me;
 In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
 And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
 Oh I tried, but he would not let me.
 So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
 With my face bent down above it,
 While he took my hand as he whispering said—
 (How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,
 To listen to all that my lover said ;
 Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it !)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low 'wet leaves hung over ;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

Had he moved aside but a little way,
I could surely then have passed him ;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
(How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
To listen to all that my lover said ;
Oh, the whispering wind around us !)

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling ;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew, at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling.
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept out where the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said ;
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory !)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry my secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the soul-speaking lips of my lover ;
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover,
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

HOMER GREENE.

What Does it Matter ?

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor ;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure.
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I can,
It matters much.

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care ;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare.
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of Adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much.

It matters little where be my grave,—
Or on the land or in the sea,
By purling brook, or 'neath stormy wave,—
It matters little or nought to me.

But whether the angel Death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much.

NOAH BARKER.

The Last Redoubt.

KACELYEVO's slope still felt
The cannon's bolts and the rifles' pelt ;
For the last redoubt up the hill remained,
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard ;
His lips were clinched and his look was weird ;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out !" he cried
Then the name of "Allah !" echoed wide,
And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets lowered,
And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped ;
The second, — a third straight filled his place ;
The third, — and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
Many a heart that sought the crest
Found Allah's arms and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward ;
Brandishing blade with a gallant air ;
His head erect and his bosom bare.

“ Fly ! they are on us ! ” his men implored ;
But he waved them on with his waving sword.
“ It cannot be held ; ’tis no shame to go ! ”
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then clung they about him, and tugged, and knelt ;
He drew a pistol from out his belt,
And fired it blank at the first that set
Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over that first one toppled ; but on
Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone,
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,
Not a bayonet’s length from the length of his blade.

“ Yield ! ” But aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed ;
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground ;
His limbs were shapely and soft and round,
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade,—
“ Bismillah ! ” they cried, “ ’t is an infidel maid ! ”

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.
“ Make her a bier of your arms,” he said,
“ And daintily bury this dainty dead ! ”
“ Make her a grave where she stood and fell,
’Gainst the jackal’s scratch and the vulture’s smell.

Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
Was dug, for the form as brave as fair ;
And none, till the judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the last redoubt.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

NOTES.

My Mind to Me a Kingdom is. Page 1. BYRD (b. 1540, d. 1623) was organist to Queen Elizabeth, and composed an immense amount of vocal music. Three or four other stanzas, inferior to these, are sometimes inserted in this poem, and its authorship has been claimed for Sir Edward Dyer, a contemporary of Byrd's. There are also four stanzas of precisely similar construction, having many of the same thoughts, and in some cases almost identical words, which are attributed to Joshua Sylvester. These are given at page 15.

The Lye. Page 2. The authorship of this poem has been disputed. Percy ascribes it to RALEIGH (b. 1552, executed 1618), and a copy of it among the Chetham manuscripts bears his signature.

Man's Mortality. Page 6. WASTEL (b. about 1566) published in 1629 "Microbiblion, or the Bible's Epitome in Verse," of which these famous stanzas are a fragment.

Willy Drowned in Yarrow. Page 8. This poem is believed to date from the 15th century.

Verses. Page 9. The story of CHEDIOCK TICHEBORNE is told in Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," Vol. II. He was executed for treason (of which he was probably innocent) in 1586.

The Ballad of Agincourt. Page 10. DRAYTON (b. 1563, d. 1631) published many poems, this being one of his latest. The battle, in which 15,000 English defeated 50,000 French, took place in 1415. Longfellow borrows the metrical formula of this poem for his "Skeleton in Armor."

Take thy Old Cloake about thee. Page 13. The seventh stanza of this poem is sung by Iago in the Second Act of "Othello." The whole appeared in Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," 1724.

A Contented Mind. Page 15. See the first of these Notes. SYLVESTER was born in England in 1563, and died in 1618.

Love me Little, Love me Long. Page 16. This poem dates from the latter half of the 16th century.

Good Ale. Page 18. STILL (d. 1607), Bishop of Bath and Wells, was the author of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," one of the earliest of English comedies, in which this poem occurs.

Exequy. Page 19. KING (b. 1592, d. 1669) was chaplain to James I. and became Bishop of Chichester. A single stanza exactly imitating those of Simon Wastel given at page 6 of this volume, is attributed to him. He turned the Psalms of David into verse, and wrote other poems.

The Angler's Wish. Page 23. These lines occur in the "Complete Angler" of IZAAK WALTON (b. 1593, d. 1633). Old Piscator says, "When I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holidays.' As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my pleasant thoughts into verse." BRYAN, mentioned in the last stanza, is supposed to be his dog.

Death's Final Conquest. Page 24. SHIRLEY (b. in London, 1596, d. 1666) was a dramatist, and this poem occurs in his "Contention of Ajax and Ulysses."

The Bride. Page 24. SUCKLING'S (b. 1609, d. 1641) "Ballad upon a Wedding," from which these stanzas are taken, is never printed complete now-a-days; for reasons which would be obvious if it were.

Ye Gentlemen of England. Page 26. These verses have probably attracted much more attention than they ever would if Campbell had not re-written them as "Ye Mariners of England." The three stanzas here given are the best of a long ballad which is not worth printing entire. PARKER lived in the 17th century.

Song. Page 26. SEDLEY (b. 1639, d. 1701) was one of the wits of the Restoration.

My Dear and Only Love. Page 27. The author of this poem (b. 1612, hanged in Edinburgh in 1650) is the hero of Aytoun's "Execution of Montrose."

The Splendid Shilling. Page 32. PHILIPS (b. 1676, d. 1708) wrote this poem to parody the style of Milton.

Bonnie George Campbell. Page 36. Motherwell, in his "Minstrelsy," says this is "probably a lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyle, who fell in the battle of Glenlivet, Oct. 3, 1594."

The Hermit. Page 37. PARNELL (b. 1679, d. 1718) was a native of Dublin, and became Archdeacon of Clogher.

On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America. Page 44. Bishop BERKELEY (b. in Ireland, 1684, d. 1753) formed a scheme "for converting the American savages to Christianity, by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda."

obtained a royal charter, and with several friends came to Rhode Island. But his promised funds were not forthcoming, and at the end of seven years he returned. This poem was an expression of his enthusiastic faith in the scheme.

Sally in our Alley. Page 44. CAREY (d. by his own hand, 1743) was an Englishman and a musical composer.

Grongar Hill. Page 46. DYER (b. in Wales, 1698, d. 1758) was a landscape painter, but afterward entered holy orders. Grongar Hill is in Caermarthen, Wales.

A Soliloquy. Page 51. HARTE (b. about 1700, d. 1774) was a clergyman of the Church of England.

The Braes of Yarrow. Page 52. HAMILTON (b. 1704, d. 1754) wrote this ballad in imitation of an old one with the same refrain.

The Schoolmistress. Page 56. SHENSTONE (b. 1714, d. 1763) published this poem in 1742. Goldsmith said, "It is one of those happinesses in which a poet excels himself, as there is nothing in all Shenstone which any way approaches it in merit."

The Chameleon. Page 65. MERRICK (b. 1720, d. 1769) was an eminent Greek scholar at Oxford, and published a versification of the Psalms, and other poems.

Waly, Waly, but Love be Bonny. Page 68. Percy says the heroine of this ballad was the wife of James, second Marquis of Douglas. "This lady, married in 1670, was expelled from the society of her husband in consequence of scandals which a disappointed lover basely insinuated into the ear of the Marquis."

The Tears of Scotland. Page 69. SMOLLETT the novelist (b. in Scotland, 1721, d. 1771) produced a few poems, of which this, written just after the battle of Culloden, is the most successful.

Cumnor Hall. Page 72. MICKLE (b. in Scotland, 1734, d. 1788) was a printer, and used frequently to put his poetry into type without writing it. This ballad suggested to Scott his novel of "Kenilworth."

The Sailor's Wife. Page 76. This poem has been commonly attributed to Mickle, author of "Cumnor Hall," because an imperfect copy of it was found among his papers. He never claimed it, nor would he be likely to have written it, as he never lived in a seaport. Miss ADAM was a schoolmistress, who lived near Greenock, and died in Glasgow in 1765. She published a volume of poems, and claimed this as one of hers.

The Toper's Apology. Page 78. Captain MORRIS (b. in England, 1739 or 1749, d. 1838) published a great number of songs, scarcely another one of which rises above doggerel.

The Three Warnings. Page 80. It is said that Mrs. THRALE (b. 1740, d. 1821) was indebted to her good friend Dr. Johnson for much of the finish of this poem.

Life. Page 83. Mrs. BARBAULD (b. 1743, d. 1825) wrote numerous short poems, including some hymns. This one was greatly admired by Rogers.

When Shall we Three Meet Again? Page 84. There is no very satisfactory theory as to the authorship of this poem. The one which ascribes it to three early students at Dartmouth College rests on slender evidence.

Gaffer Gray. Page 85. HOLCROFT (b. 1745, d. 1800), author of "The Road to Ruin," was successively a shoemaker, horse-jockey, school-master, actor, playwright, and novelist.

What Constitutes a State. Page 86. JONES (b. 1746, d. 1794) tells us he got the idea of this poem from one of the extant fragments of Alcæus:

Οὐ λίθοι, οὐδὲ ξύλα, οὐδὲ
Τέχνη τεκτόνων αἱ πόλεις εἰδὶν,
Ἄλλ' ὅπου ποτ' ἄν ᾤβιν ἈΝΔΡΕΣ
Ἀντ' οὓς βωζεῖν εἰδότες,
Ἐνταῦθα τεῖχη καὶ πόλεις.

To the Cuckoo. Page 87. LOGAN (b. 1748, d. 1788) was a Scottish minister. Edmund Burke, when in Edinburgh, sought him out, solely because of his admiration for this poem. Its authorship has been claimed for MICHAEL BRUCE (b. 1746, d. 1767), whose manuscript poems were entrusted to Logan for editing and publication.

Auld Robin Gray. Page 88. LADY BARNARD (b. in Scotland, 1750, d. 1825) published this ballad anonymously, about 1771, and it excited so much comment that a reward of twenty guineas was offered for discovery of the authorship. She never acknowledged it till two years before her death. Scott said, "'Auld Robin Gray' is that real pastoral which is worth all the dialogues which Corydon and Phillis have had together, from the days of Theocritus downwards."

Mary's Dream. Page 89. LOWE (b. in Scotland, 1750, d. in Virginia, 1798) wrote this poem on the loss at sea of a young surgeon named Miller, the *fiancé* of a Miss McGhie in whose father's family Lowe was tutor.

What is Time? Page 90. MARSDEN (b. in Dublin, 1754, d. 1836), who spent thirty years in India, was famous as an orientalist.

The Groves of Blarney. Page 92. MILLIKIN (b. in Ireland, 1767, d. 1815) was a lawyer, painter, and *littérateur*. The intention of this poem, written about 1798, was to ridicule the songs of the Irish village bards. There are several versions, and it is said that the fifth stanza was inserted by John Lander, when singing the song at an electioneering dinner.

Helen of Kirkconnel. Page 93. There are numerous versions of this

poem. The one here given, by MAYNE (b. in Scotland, 1759, d. 1836), is metrically the most perfect. It was published by Scott, in the "Edinburgh Annual Register" for 1815, who says: "A lady of the name of Helen Irving, or Bell (for this is disputed by the two clans), daughter of the laird of Kirkconnel, in Dumfriesshire, and celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen in the neighborhood. The name of the favored suitor was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick; that of the other has escaped tradition, although it has been alleged that he was a Bell of Blacket House. The addresses of the latter were, however, favored by the friends of the lady, and the lovers were therefore obliged to meet in secret, and by night, in the church-yard of Kirkconnel, a romantic spot surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these private interviews, the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and leveled his carabine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between Fleming and the murderer, in which the latter was cut to pieces. Other accounts say that Fleming pursued his enemy to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid." These events occurred in the reign of Mary Queen of Scots.

Connel and Flora. Page 94. WILSON (b. in Scotland, 1766, d. in Philadelphia, 1813) wrote several poems, but was only famous as an ornithologist.

The Soldier. Page 95. SMYTH (b. 1766, d. 1849) was an Englishman.

The Beggar. Page 96. MOSS (d. 1808) was an English clergyman. He published anonymously in 1769 a small volume of poems, of which this one alone has survived.

The Orphan Boy. Page 97. MRS. OPIE (b. 1769, d. 1853) was the wife of a portrait painter of considerable celebrity. She was better known for her novels and tales than for her poems.

Night. Page 99. WHITE was born in Spain in 1775, and died in England in 1841. Coleridge considered this sonnet one of the finest in the language.

The Tears I Shed. Page 99. HELEN D'ARCY CRANSTOUN (b. in Scotland, 1765, d. 1838) became in 1790 the second wife of Prof. Dugald Stewart. The first four lines of the last stanza were inserted by Burns.

To an Indian Gold Coin. Page 100. LEYDEN (b. in Scotland, 1775) went to India as a surgeon in 1803, and died in 1811, of a malignant fever which he caught while searching the town library of Batavia, in the island of Java, for Indian manuscripts.

A Visit from St. Nicholas. Page 102. MOORE (b. in New York, 1779 d. in Newport, R. I., 1863) was a professor in the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in New York, and published a volume of poems in 1844.

The Star Spangled Banner. Page 103. KEY (b. in Maryland, 1779, d.

1843) began writing this song while he witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, by the British in 1814. A collection of his poems was published in 1857.

Lucy's Flittin'. Page 105. WILLIAM LAIDLAW (b. in Scotland, 1780, d. 1845) was the amanuensis and confidential friend of Sir Walter Scott. "Lucy's Flittin'" was contributed to Hogg's "Forest Minstrel," and Hogg himself wrote the closing stanza.

A Litany for Doneraile. Page 106. O'KELLY published two volumes of poems in Dublin (1808 and 1812), the former of which contained this famous litany. When Lady Doneraile read it, she sent the poet a splendid gold watch, "with chain and seal," whereupon he wrote a palinode, calling down all sorts of blessings on Doneraile. When he was introduced to Scott, at Limerick in 1825, he got off, as impromptu, the following parody on Dryden's epigram:

Three poets, of three different nations born,
The United Kingdom in this age adorn :
Byron of England ; Scott of Scotia's blood ;
And Erin's pride, O'Kelly, great and good.

A Riddle. Page 109. This enigma has been frequently attributed to Lord Byron, and printed in two or three editions of his works. The answer is, the letter H. Miss FANSHAWE was a contemporary of Byron's.

The Philosopher's Scales. Page 109. Miss TAYLOR (b. in England 1783, d. 1824) was a sister of Isaac and Jeffreys Taylor.

A Modest Wit. Page 111. OSBORN (b. in Trumbull, Conn., 1783, d. in Philadelphia, 1826) was editor of various newspapers, in Connecticut, Vermont, and Delaware, and published a small volume of poems in Boston in 1823.

Saint Patrick. Page 113. According to Croker, this ballad was composed by HENRY BENNETT and a Mr. TOLLEKEN, of Cork, who sang it in alternate lines at a masquerade in that city in the winter of 1814-15. They at first made only the first, second, and fifth stanzas ; after it had become popular, Tolleken added the sixth at the request of Webb the comedian. The third and fourth are the work of some other hand.

The Cloud. Page 114. CHRISTOPHER NORTH (b. in Scotland, 1785, d. 1854) wrote an abundance of poems, long and short, but this sonnet seems to be the only one that anybody now cares to read.

The Bucket. Page 115. WOODWORTH (b. in Massachusetts, 1785, d. 1842) produced this poem by some happy accident. His other verses are scarcely more than doggerel.

The Soul's Defiance. Page 116. LAVINIA STODDARD was born in Guilford, Conn., in 1787, and died in 1820.

The Mitherless Bairn. Page 117. THOM (b. in Scotland, 1789, d. 1848) was a weaver, and became a peddler, flute-player, and wandering poet. Speaking to a friend of this poem, he said, "When I was living in Aber-

deen, I was limping roun' the house to my garret, when I heard the greetin' o' a wean. A lassie was thumpin' a bairn, when out cam a big dame bellowin' 'Ye hussie, will ye lick a mitherless bairn?' I hobbled up the stair, and wrote the sang afore sleepin'."

Stanzas. Page 118. WILDE (b. in Ireland, 1789, d. in New Orleans, 1847) came to this country with his parents when he was a small boy. He was a lawyer, and served several terms in Congress. These stanzas, which were intended to be part of a long poem, are supposed to be sung by a European held captive among the savages of Florida.

Afar in the Desert. Page 119. PRINGLE (b. in Scotland, 1788, d. 1834) spent several years in South Africa.

The Beacon. Page 122. This little poem has been persistently attributed to Moore. JAMES was a banker of Manchester, England, and was an uncle of the present Bishop of Lincoln. He first published this poem in 1810, and included it in his collected poems (1853). He died in 1854.

Mortality. Page 122. This poem owes its popularity to the fact that it was a favorite with President Lincoln, who found it in a newspaper and inquired in vain for the authorship. KNOX was born in Scotland in 1789, and died in 1825. The poem in its wanderings has become very much corrupted. I have here printed it exactly as it stands in Knox's "Songs of Israel" (1824).

The Whistler. Page 124. STORY was born in Scotland in 1790, and died in 1859.

We 'll go to Sea no More. Page 125. Miss Mitford quotes this poem in her "Recollections," but does not mention Miss CORBETT's Christian name, or give any information about her; and I have sought it in vain elsewhere.

Geehale. Page 127. SCHOOLCRAFT (b. near Albany, 1793, d. 1864) married the granddaughter of an Indian chief, and became famous for his researches and publications concerning the red race.

I would not Live Away. Page 128. DR. MUHLENBERG (b. in Philadelphia, 1796, d. 1877) made several revisions of his famous poem. The versions in the hymn-books contain some striking lines that do not appear in his final revision, which is here presented.

Lines Written in a Church-yard. Page 130. KNOWLES (b. in England, 1798, d. 1817) wrote this poem, at the age of eighteen, in the church-yard of Richmond, Yorkshire.

The Mariner's Dream. Page 131. DIMOND (b. in England, 1800, d. 1837) was a theatrical manager.

Old Grimes. Page 133. GREENE was a lawyer in Providence, R. I. where he was born in 1802, and died in Cleveland in 1868. He is said to have written this poem at the age of fifteen.

The Closing Year. Page 135. PRENTICE was born in Connecticut in 1802, and died in Louisville, Ky., in 1870.

A Health. Page 138. PINKNEY (b. in London while his father was U. S. Commissioner to England, 1802, d. in Baltimore, 1828) wrote a few other poems which deserve to be generally known, but are not. They may be found in Morris and Willis's "Mirror Library," at the end of the book.

The Three Sons. Page 139. MOULTRIE, (b. in England, 1800, d. 1874), was a schoolmate of Praed's and Macaulay's at Eton, became a clergyman, and was Rector of Rugby. He published this poem in 1839.

The Annuity. Page 142. OUTRAM (b. in Scotland, 1805, d. 1856) was a lawyer and journalist, and printed privately a small volume of humorous verses, entitled "Legal Lyrics."

The Forging of the Anchor. Page 146. FERGUSON (b. in Belfast, 1805; d. in 1886) was a lawyer. He published two volumes of poetry.

The Bells of Shandon. Page 149. MAHONY ("Father Prout," b. in Cork about 1805, d. 1866) first published this poem in *Fraser's Magazine*, of which he was an editor, in 1834. The bells referred to are the chime in the high steeple of St. Anne, or Upper Shandon, which is in plain view from Cork.

The Death of Napoleon. Page 151. MCLELLAN (b. in Portland, Me., about 1805) has been a lawyer and a farmer, and has published three volumes of poetry. He resides on Shelter Island, east of Long Island.

The Grave of Bonaparte. Page 152. I have not been able to learn anything concerning the author of this poem.

Widow Malone. Page 153. LEVER, the novelist, was born in Dublin in 1806, and died in 1872.

Lament of the Irish Emigrant. Page 155. HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN (b. in Ireland, 1807, d. 1867) married the Hon. Price Blackwood in 1825. He became fourth Baron DUFFERIN, and died in 1841. In 1862 she married her old friend Earl Gifford. She was Mrs. Norton's sister.

The Happy Land. Page 157. YOUNG (b. about 1805) is a native and resident of Edinburgh, Scotland, where he was for many years a teacher.

Gluggity Ghug. Page 158. GEORGE COLMAN the Younger (b. in England, 1762, d. 1836) was a dramatist and theatrical manager.

Here she Goes—and There she Goes. Page 158. NACK (b. in New York, 1809, d. 1879) became deaf by accident when he was a boy. His poems were published in 1859, with a memoir by George P. Morris.

She Died in Beauty. Page 163. SILLERY (b. in Ireland, 1807, d. in Edinburgh, 1836) studied medicine, and published two or three small volumes of poetry.

The New Tale of a Tub. Page 164. BAYLEY (b. in England, 1807, d. 1852) was the first editor of the London *Illustrated News*.

The Old Sexton. Page 175. BENJAMIN (b. in Demerara, British Guiana, 1809, d. in New York, 1864) was a journalist and lecturer. His writings have never been collected.

The Private of the Buffs. Page 176. DOYLE (b. in England, 1810; d. in 1888) was Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1867-77. The poem is explained by an extract from a China letter to the *London Times*: "Some Seiks, and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next day they were brought before the authorities and ordered to perform kotow. The Seiks obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declared he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, and was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown upon a dung-hill."

Light. Page 177. PALMER (b. in Stockbridge, Mass., 1805; d. in 1884) was an insurance officer in New York City.

A Death-Bed. Page 179. ALDRICH (b. in Sullivan Co., N. Y., 1810; d. 1856) was at first a merchant, and afterward a magazine editor. This poem owes a great part of its fame to the fact that Poe pointed out the remarkable resemblance between it and one by Hood with an almost identical title.

A Christmas Hymn. Page 180. DOMETT (b. in England, 1811; d. in 1886) published this poem in *Blackwood's* in 1837. He was educated at Cambridge, and wandered about the world in a most remarkable manner. For some time he was Colonial Secretary in New Zealand. A few years ago he re-appeared in London, and published two volumes of poetry. He is understood to be the hero of Robert Browning's poem "Waring."

The Ivy Green. Page 181. DICKENS (b. 1812, d. 1870) published this poem as a song in the "Pickwick Papers."

The Polish Boy. Page 182. MRS. STEPHENS (née WINTERBOTHAM, b. Derby, Conn., 1813; d. in 1886), besides her many novels, wrote occasional poems, but never collected them into a volume.

Balaklava. Page 186. MEEK (b. in Columbia, S. C., 1814, d. in Georgia, 1865) was a lawyer and journalist. He published a volume of poems in Mobile in 1857.

The Pauper's Drive. Page 189. NOEL, an English country gentleman residing near Windsor, published in 1841 a volume of poems, which included this one.

Florence Vane. Page 190. COOKE (b. in Martinsburg, Va., 1816, d. 1850) was a lawyer, and published a volume of poems in 1847.

The Dule's i' this Bonnet o' Mine. Page 191. WAUGH (b. in England, 1818) has published several small volumes of poems in the Lancashire dialect.

Abraham Lincoln. Page 193. TAYLOR (b. in England, 1817, d. 1880) wrote or adapted numerous plays, and published a few fugitive poems.

The Memory of the Dead. Page 195. INGRAM was born in Ireland in 1820.

The Bivouac of the Dead. Page 197. In accordance with an act of the legislature of Kentucky, the remains of the soldiers from that state who fell at Buena Vista were brought home to Frankfort, and there interred under a handsome monument. This was the occasion of O'HARA's poem. He was born in Kentucky about 1820, and died in Alabama in 1867.

Nearer, my God, to Thee. Page 199. MRS. ADAMS (b. in England, 1805, d. 1848) wrote several hymns, and a drama.

Lines on a Skeleton. Page 201. The manuscript of this poem was found near a skeleton in the London Royal College of Surgeons, about 1820. The author has never been found, though a reward of fifty guineas was offered for his discovery. Perhaps the lines were suggested to him, consciously or unconsciously, by the 6th stanza of the Second Canto of "Childe Harold."

The Place where Man should Die. Page 202. BARRY (b. in Ireland about 1815) published this poem in the *Dublin Nation* in 1843.

A Hundred Years to Come. Page 203. BROWN (b. in Whitingham, Vt., 1812) has been a teacher and editor, and now resides at Stevens Point, Wis. This poem was published originally in the *Mother's Journal*, Philadelphia.

The Song of Steam. Page 204. CUTTER (b. in Massachusetts, 1801, d. in Washington, D. C., 1865) was a lawyer by profession. He won some distinction in the Mexican war, after which he married Miss Drake, an actress of Cincinnati, and settled at Covington, Ky. He published a volume entitled "Buena Vista, and other Poems," in Cincinnati in 1848. His "Song of the Lightning" is very similar to the "Song of Steam," but has not been so successful.

Why thus Longing? Page 206. MRS. SEWALL (formerly Mrs. LIST) was born in Portland, Maine, and after her first marriage resided in Philadelphia. She now lives in Boston.

Nothing to Wear. Page 207. BUTLER (b. in Albany, N. Y., 1825) published this poem in 1857. He considers his "Two Millions" a much better poem, though it never attained equal popularity.

Antony and Cleopatra. Page 217. GEN LYTLE (b. in Cincinnati, 1826, fell in the battle of Chickamauga, September, 1863) is said to have written this poem one night after seeing Edwin Booth in Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra."

The Nautilus and the Ammonite. Page 218. RICHARDSON, who was connected with the British Museum, wrote essays, poems, and geological works. This poem—first published, I believe, in Mantell's "Thoughts on a Pebble," London, 1849—gained much of its popularity through recitation by lecturers on geology.

Curmen Bellicosum. Page 220. Judge McMASTER (b. 1829, d. 1887) resided in Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Doris. Page 221. MUNBY, an Englishman, published a volume of poems in 1865.

The Exile to his Wife. Page 223. BRENNAN (b. 1829, d. 1857) was a native of the north of Ireland. He joined the Young Ireland party in 1848, and was one of the conductors of the *Irish Felon*. He was imprisoned for nine months in Dublin, afterward edited the *Irishman*, and in October, 1849, being implicated in an insurrectionary movement in Tipperary, fled to America. He was for three years connected with the New Orleans *Delta*, and died in that city in May, 1857.

Rock Me to Sleep. Page 224. Mrs. ALLEN sent this poem from Italy (she was then Mrs. Paul Akers) to the *Saturday Evening Gazette* in 1860. When it had become popular, several claimants to its authorship arose, and a fierce dispute ensued, one claimant hiring a whole page of a New York daily in which to set forth his proofs. Mrs. Allen's volume (Boston, 1865) contains better, though less popular, poems than this.

Only a Baby Small. Page 226. BARR (b. in Edinburgh, 1831) resides in London. He published a volume of poems in 1865; enlarged edition, 1870. He has been called "the Children's Laureate."

The Jolly Old Pedagogue. Page 226. ARNOLD (b. in New York city, 1834, d. 1865) published this poem in the *Round Table*, and without his signature it traveled the rounds of the press. His poems were edited with a memoir by his friend William Winter (Boston, 1867).

Ode on the Centenary of Burns. Page 229. Miss CRAIG'S ode, which bore off the prize of £50, offered by the directors of the Crystal Palace Company, from more than six hundred competitors, is one of the few prize poems which have possessed any poetical merit. She was born in Edinburgh in 1831, and in 1866 married JOHN KNOX, a London merchant. She has published three small volumes of poetry.

Over the River. Page 232. Miss PRIEST (b. in Hinsdale, N. H., 1837, d. 1870) published this poem in the *Springfield Republican* in August, 1857. She married Lieut. A. C. WAKEFIELD in 1865.

The Old Sergeant. Page 234. WILLSON (b. in Little Genesee, N. Y., 1837, d. 1867) wrote this poem as a carrier's address for the *Louisville Journal*, Jan. 1, 1863. John James Piatt published a sketch of him in the *Atlantic* for March, 1875. His poems were published in 1867.

Too Late. Page 239. LUDLOW (b. in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 1837, d. in Switzerland, 1870) wrote some of our best American college songs.

What the End Shall be. Page 240. This poem has been handed about in manuscript for at least a quarter of a century. It is attributed to FRANCES BROWNE, the blind poetess (b. in Stranolar, Ireland, 1816).

The Two Worlds. Page 243. This poem has long been going the

rounds, credited only to the *Dublin University Magazine*. COLLINS (b. in England, 1827, d. 1876) was editor of that periodical. He published three volumes of poetry.

Rain on the Roof. Page 244. KINNEY (b. in Penn Yan, N. Y., 1826) is a lawyer and journalist, and resides in Xenia, O. The text of this poem as usually printed is very corrupt. It is here set from a copy furnished by the author.

Willie Winkie. Page 246. MILLER is a native of Scotland,

The Old Canoe. Page 247. Miss PAGE (b. in Bradford, Vt., about 1835, d. about 1859) wrote this poem at the age of seventeen.

Only Waiting. Page 248. Published in the Waterville, Me., *Mail* in 1854.

The Burial of Moses. Page 249. Miss HUMPHREYS (b. in Strabane, Ireland) married in 1850 the Rev. William Alexander, who is now Bishop of Derry.

Milton's Prayer of Patience. Page 252. Mrs. HOWELL was a resident of Philadelphia.

Curfew Must not Ring To-night. Page 253. ROSA HARTWICK (b. in Mishawaka, Ind., 1850) married Edmund C. Thorpe in 1871, and now resides in Missouri. She wrote this poem in 1867, and published it in the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser* in the autumn of 1870.

Revelry in India. Page 256. These lines are said to have been sung by a company of British officers stationed at a frontier post in India during a pestilence. It is also said that the author of them was the next victim. They have been persistently attributed to Alfred Domett; but in a letter to me, dated February 6, 1879, he says: "I did not write that poem, and was never in India in my life. I am as ignorant of the authorship as you can be; indeed, I never heard of the poem until I saw it attributed to myself in an article in the *Chicago Times*, in the year 1872, I think. . . . The poem has splendid talent, and even more spirit, which makes me the more anxious to disclaim it, as I do not wish to take any credit that properly belongs to another man."

The Rising of the Moon. Page 258. CASEY (b. in Ireland about 1840) has published a small volume of poems.

My Maryland. Page 259. This song, written in the first year of the Rebellion, was first published in the *Charleston Mercury*. Perhaps it was suggested by Mangan's "Karamanian Exile," to which it bears a strong resemblance.

Civil War. Page 262. This poem, which appeared originally in *London Once a Week*, with the signature "From the once United States," has been attributed to CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY (b. about 1830, d. 1876).

The Picket Guard. Page 263. The authorship of this poem has been disputed, but there is now no reason to doubt that it belongs to Mrs BEERS, who resided in Orange, N. J., and died Oct. 10, 1879.

The Countersign. Page 264. Concerning the authorship of "The Countersign," we only know that it was written by a private in Company G of Stuart's Engineers, at Camp Lesley, near Washington, during the first year of the Rebellion. It seems too good to have been a first poem ; but it is to be feared that the chances of war made it the last, as it has never been claimed.

Sherman's March to the Sea. Page 265. Adjutant BYERS (b. in Pennsylvania about 1835), Fifth Iowa Infantry, wrote this song while a prisoner at Columbia, S. C. General Sherman, to whom a copy of the lines was handed when he arrived at that place, so admired them that he sent for the author and attached him to his staff. Byers was afterward U. S. Consul at Zurich, Switzerland.

Driving Home the Cows. Page 267. Miss OSGOOD, who is a native of Fryeburg, Maine, contributed this poem to *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1865.

The Twins. Page 269. LEIGH (b. in England about 1840) published "Carols of Cockayne" in 1869.

A Little Goose. Page 270. Mrs. TURNER, who resides in Pennsylvania, published a volume of poems in 1871.

Tired Mothers. Page 272. Mrs. SMITH (*née* RILEY, Brighton, near Rochester, N. Y.) resides in New York city.

The Children. Page 274. DICKINSON (b. about 1845) was a teacher when he wrote this poem. He is now a journalist in Binghamton, N. Y.

The Burial of Sir John Moore. Page 276. This famous ode is here printed exactly as it stands in "Wolfe's Remains," where it is copied from the original manuscript. The Rev. Samuel O'Sullivan, writing under date of April 22, 1841, says : "I think it was about the summer of 1814 or 1815 (I cannot say for certainty which), I was sitting in my college rooms [in Dublin] and reading in the 'Edinburgh Annual Register,' in which a very striking and beautiful account is given of the burial of Sir John Moore. Wolfe came in, and I made him listen to me as I read the passage, which he heard with deep and sensible emotion. We were both loud and ardent in our commendation of it ; and after some little time I proposed to our friend to take a walk into the country. He consented, and we bent our way to Simpson's nursery, about half-way between Dublin and the Rock. During our stroll Wolfe was unusually meditative and silent ; and I remember having been provoked a little by meeting with no response or sympathy to my frequent bursts of admiration about the country and the scenery, in which, on other occasions, he used so cordially to join. But he atoned for his apparent dullness and insensibility upon his return, when he repeated for me the first and last verses of his beautiful ode, in the composition of which he had been absorbed during our little perambulation. . . . These were the only verses which our dear friend at first contemplated ; but moved, as he said, by my approbation, his mind worked upon the subject after

he left me, and in the morning he came over to me with the other verses by which it was completed." WOLFE (b. in Dublin, Dec. 14, 1791, d. Feb. 21, 1823) neither published this poem nor took pains to claim it. Manuscript copies were taken down from recitation, and it was finally printed, with the initials "C. W.", in the Newry, Ireland, *Telegraph*, from which it was speedily copied far and wide. An interesting discussion of its merits by Byron and Shelley is given in Medwin's "Conversations of Byron."

Song.—If I had thought. Page 277. The Irish air "Gramachree" was a favorite with WOLFE, but he thought no words had ever been written for it which were worthy of its peculiar pathos. Accordingly, he composed these.

Song.—Go, forget me! Page 278. These words were written for a celebrated singer, to an unpublished air of her own composition.

The First Miracle. Page 279. CRASHAW (b. in London, d. in Italy about 1650) was a clergyman—at first Protestant, afterward Catholic. This, famous as "the one-line poem," appeared in a volume which he published anonymously at Cambridge in 1634.

A Javanese Poem. Page 279. DEKKER is a native of Holland. This poem occurs in his novel "Max Havelaar; or, the Coffee Auctions of the Dutch Trading Company," the English translation of which was published in Edinburgh in 1868.

A Yukon Cradle-Song. Page 280. This occurs in Dall's "Alaska."

The Passage. Page 282. Longfellow brought this poem into notice by quoting it in his "Hyperion," where he makes one of his characters say that, "though not very literal, it equals the original in beauty; . . . though in the measure of the original there is something like the rocking motion of a boat, which is not preserved in the translation." UHLAND was born in Tübingen in 1787, and died in 1862. Mrs. AUSTIN, (*née* Taylor, England, 1793, d. 1867) was the translator of Ranke's works.

Ann Hathaway. Page 282. These lines were originally addressed "To the Idol of my Eyes and Delight of my Heart."

On Parting with his Books. Page 284. ROSCOE (b. in Liverpool 1753, d. 1831) was a banker and historian. His firm failed in 1816, and he was obliged to sell his library and art collections.

Hylas. Page 284. Hylas, a beautiful youth, was one of the Argonauts. When they stopped on the coast of Mysia, he went for water, and was seized by the nymphs of the stream into which he dipped his urn. Hercules, to whom he had been entrusted, went in search of him, and was left by the ship. These lines appeared in the "London Keepsake," 1838.

We Parted in Silence. Page 285. Mrs. CRAWFORD was a native of Ireland.

Vanitas Vanitatum. Page 286. These lines, which do not appear in

the collected poems of GRIFFIN (b. in Ireland, 1803, d. 1840), are attributed to him on the authority of the *Glasgow Free Press*, which published them about 1861.

Wonderland. Page 288. NEWTON, an Englishman, contributed this poem to the London *Athenæum* in September, 1851.

Nathan Hale. Page 289. Nathan Hale (b. in Coventry, Conn., 1755) was a captain in the Continental army, went within the British lines at New York as a spy in September, 1776, was discovered and arrested, and by order of Lord Howe was executed the next morning, 23d. The ladies of his native town have recently erected a monument to his memory. FINCH (b. in Ithaca, N. Y., 1827) introduced this lyric in the poem which he read before the Linonian Society of Yale in 1853. An unknown contemporary of Hale's wrote a poem on the subject, which is almost as unique as Finch's :

The breezes went steadily through the tall pines,
A-saying "Oh, hu-ush !," a-saying "Oh, hu-ush !"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still," said the thrush, as she nestled her young
In a nest by the road, in a nest by the road ;
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear
What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."

The brave Captain heard it, and thought of his home
In a cot by the brook, in a cot by the brook ;
With mother and sister and memories dear,
He so gayly forsook, he so gayly forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,
The tattoo had beat, the tattoo had beat ;
The noble one sprang from his dark lurking-place,
To make his retreat, to make his retreat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,
As he passed through the wood, as he passed through the wood
And silently gained his rude launch on the shore,
As she played with the flood, as she played with the flood.

The guards of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,
Had a murderous will, had a murderous will ;
They took him, and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill, to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer,
In that little stone cell, in that little stone cell ;
But he trusted in love from his Father above,—
In his heart all was well, in his heart all was well.

An ominous owl, with his solemn bass voice,
Sat moaning hard by, sat moaning hard by :
"The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die. for he must soon die."

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrained,—
 The cruel gen'ral, the cruel gen'ral,—
 Of his errand from camp, of the end to be gained,
 And said that was all, and said that was all.

They took him, and bound him, and bore him away,
 Down the hill's grassy side, down the hill's grassy side ;
 'T was there the base hirelings in royal array
 His cause did deride, his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
 For him to repent, for him to repent ;
 He prayed for his mother, he asked not another,—
 To heaven he went, to heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr the tragedy showed,
 As he trod the last stage, as he trod the last stage ;
 And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
 As his words do presage, as his words do presage.

Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave ;
 Tell tyrants, to you their allegiance they owe.
 No fears for the brave, no fears for the brave.

The Blue and the Gray. Page 291. This poem appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was suggested by the women of Columbus, Miss., decorating alike the graves of national and rebel dead. Certainly no fault can be found with it as poetry ; I know of nothing of its kind that surpasses it ; but JAMES M. DALZELL, who served in the 116th Ohio Volunteers, thus takes issue with it on the score of patriotism or policy :

You may sing of the Blue and the Gray,
 And mingle their hues in your rhyme,
 But the blue that we wore in the fray
 Is covered with glory sublime.
 So no more let us hear of the Gray,
 The symbol of treason and shame—
 We pierced it with bullets—away !
 Or we'll pierce it with bullets again.
 Then up with the Blue and down with the Gray,
 And hurrah for the Blue that won us the day !

Of the rebels who sleep in the Gray,
 Our silence is fitting alone,
 But we cannot afford them a bay,
 A sorrow, a tear, or a moan.
 Let oblivion seal up their graves
 Of treason, disgrace, and defeat ;
 Had they triumphed, the Blue had been slaves,
 And Union been lost in retreat.
 Then up with the Blue and down with the Gray,
 And hurrah for the Blue that won us the day !

Of the rebels whom mercy still spares
 To boast of the traitorous fray,
 No boy in the Blue thinks or cares,
 For the struggle is ended to-day.
 Let them come *as they promised to come*,
 Under *Union* and *Liberty* too,
 And we'll hail them with life and with drum,
 And forget that they fired on the Blue.
 Then up with the Blue and down with the Gray,
 And hurrah for the Blue that won us the day!

As they carried your flag through the fray,
 Ye Northmen, ye promised the Blue
 That ye'd never disgrace with the Gray
 The color so gallant and true.
 Will ye trace on the leaves of your souls
 The Blue and the Gray in one line,
 And mingle their hues on the scrolls
 Which glorify Victory's shrine,
 And cheer for the false, and hiss at the true,
 And up with the Gray and down with the Blue?

Let the traitors all go if you may,
 (Your heroes would punish the Head),
 But never confound with the Gray
 The Blue, whether living or dead.
 Oh! remember the price that was paid—
 The blood of the brave and the true—
 And you never can suffer to fade
 The laurels that cover the Blue.
 Then up with the Blue, and down with the Gray,
 And hurrah for the Blue that won us the day!

The Death of King Bomba of Naples. Page 293. Ferdinand II, King of the two Sicilies, who died at Bari, on the Adriatic, in 1859, was called King Bomba, according to some authorities, because during an insurrection he ordered the bombardment of his cities. This poem was first published in *Punch*.

The Golden Wedding. Page 294. This poem has been mistakenly attributed to David Gray, the young Scottish poet (b. 1838, d. 1861) who had so romantic and mournful a history. It was written in 1862, by DAVID GRAY, editor of the Buffalo, N. Y., *Courier*, for a golden wedding in Albany. Mr. Gray died in 1888. His writings have been edited by J. N. Larned.

Tacking Ship off Shore. Page 295. MITCHELL (b. in Nantucket about 1825) is an Episcopal clergyman and resides in New York City. This poem was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1858.

The Mistress of the House. Page 297. I have not been able to ascertain anything whatever concerning the author of this poem.

In the Hospital. Page 299. These lines were long supposed to have been "found under the pillow of a soldier who died at Port Royal, South Carolina."

The Petrified Fern. Page 302. MRS. BRANCH, a native of Brooklyn, resides in Connecticut.

Tuloom. Page 303. MR. ELLSWORTH, who resides in Windsor, Conn., published a volume of poems in 1855, of which this one alone has gained popular favor. It appeared originally in *Putnam's Magazine*.

The Ocean. Page 307. A small volume of MR. SHEA's poems, edited by his son, the Hon. George Shea, was published in New York in 1846. MR. SHEA was born in Ireland in 1802, and died in New York in 1845.

Spinning-Wheel Song. Page 308. MR. WALLER, an Irish barrister, was born in 1810.

The Burial of Béranger. Page 309. This poem, which appeared about three years before the John Brown song, probably furnishes the original of its popular refrain. It exemplifies the power of musical versification, the striking thought being put somewhat clumsily in the earlier poem, but with perfect rhythm in the later and better known one.

The Song of the Western Men. Page 310. MR. HAWKER, who was Vicar of Morwenstow, in Cornwall, for forty-one years, was born in England in 1804, and died in 1875. He was an eccentric character, and published several little volumes of verse. The interesting story of his life, written by Sabine Baring-Gould, has been re-published in New York. Trelawney was one of the seven bishops that were committed to the Tower in 1688, and the refrain of this poem was a popular catch at the time. The story is told in chapter VIII. of Macaulay's History. MR. HAWKER slightly altered his poem from time to time; I have preferred to give his first version.

Crossing the Rappahannock. Page 314. The incident related in this poem occurred at the battle of Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, when the pontoon bridges were being laid for the National army to cross the river. "The bridges had not spanned more than half the distance when the sun rose and the fog lifted sufficiently to reveal what was going on. A detachment of Mississippi riflemen had been posted in cellars, behind stone walls, and at every point where a man could be sheltered on the south bank; and now the incessant crack of their weapons was heard, picking off the men that were laying the bridges. The losses were so serious that it was impossible to continue the work. . . . At last, General Hunt suggested a solution of the difficulty. Four regiments that volunteered for the service—the 7th Michigan, the 19th and 20th Massachusetts, and the 89th New York—crossed the river in pontoon boats, under the fire of the sharpshooters, landed

quickly, and drove them out of their fastness, capturing a hundred of them, while the remainder escaped to the hills.

Roll-Call. Page 316. Mr. SHEPHERD was a New York journalist.

Heroes. Page 317. This poem was contributed by Miss PROCTOR to the publication of a sanitary fair during the last year of the War of the Rebellion.

Moonlight. Page 318. Mr. WEEKS, born in New York in 1840, was a graduate of Yale College, and died in 1876. Three volumes of his poems were published, in 1866-'76. They contain much fine work, but the piece here given has surpassed all the others in popularity.

The Song of Rorek. Page 319. This poem appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Its author, a business man of New York, published a small volume of original poems and translations in 1864, under the pen-name of JOHN W. MONTCLAIR.

Easter. Page 328. Dr. CUTTING, who was born in Windsor, Vt., in 1813, and died in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1882, wrote many fugitive poems, which have never been collected.

If I Should Die To-Night. Page 329. This poem, originally published in *The Christian Union* in June, 1873, was brought into special prominence when H. Rider Haggard inserted a large portion of it, without credit, in his novel entitled "Jess" (1887), where it is supposed to be written by the heroine and addressed to the hero, the necessary changes for that purpose being made. The lines have been attributed to Henry Ward Beecher and to others, but the evidence leaves no reasonable doubt that Miss SMITH, of Tabor College, Iowa, is their author.

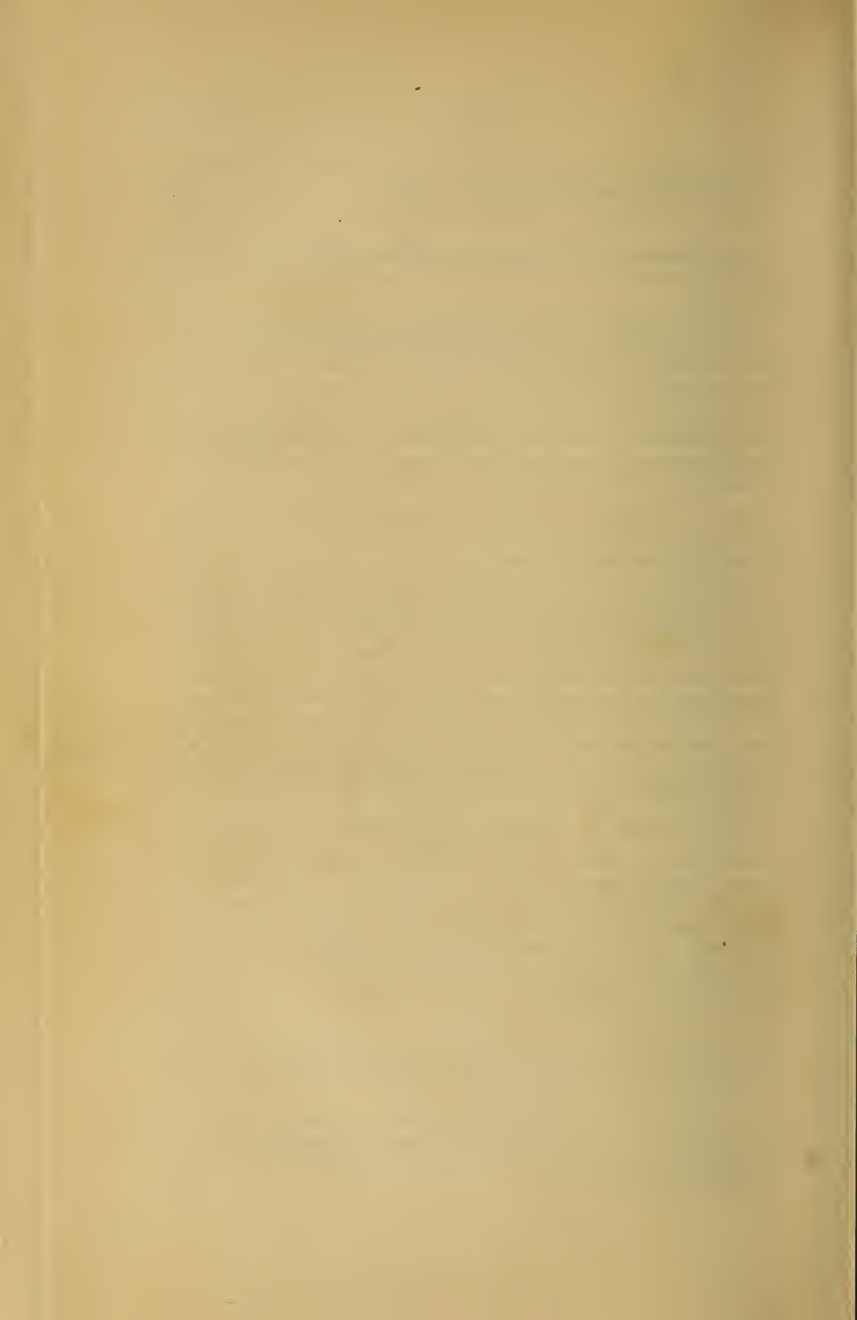
Cuddle Doon. Page 331. The author of this piece is a Scottish working-man, whose poems have been published in a small volume.

Light. Page 333. Mr. BOURDILLON is an Englishman, born in 1852.

What My Lover Said. Page 333. This poem has been attributed to Horace Greeley from the accident that the writer's initials, corresponding to his, were signed to it on its first appearance in the *New York Evening Post*. Some controversy has arisen over the authorship, one newspaper correspondent asserting with great positiveness that the lines were written by Richard Realf; but they bear no marks of Realf's hand. Mr. GREENE is a lawyer of Honesdale, Pa., whose name is known in magazine literature.

What Does It Matter? Page 335. Mr. BARKER, being elected to the Maine legislature, received a circular requesting material for a biographical sketch, and wrote this poem in reply.

The Last Redoubt. Page 336. Mr. AUSTIN, an English journalist, born in 1835, has published three novels, several tragedies, and two or three small volumes of poems, of which this one alone seems to have caught the popular ear.



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THE END

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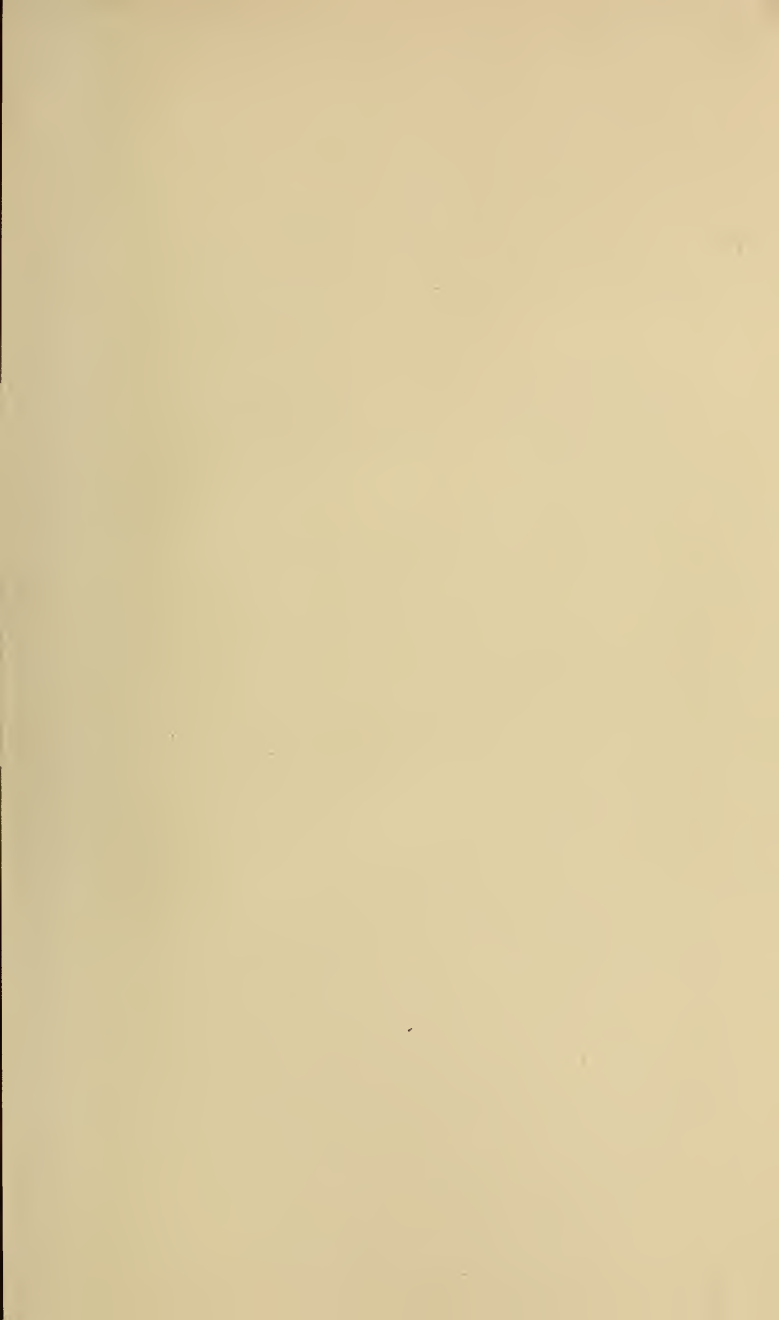
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